



THE



# LEISURE HOUR

JANUARY, 1882.

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### ALMANACK FOR

JANUARY, 1882.

1 S. A.F. CHRISTMAS	9 M. Fire Insur. expire	17 T. rises 8.0 A.M.	25 W. Saturn near J
2 M. least dist. fr. ☉	10 T. rises 8.6 A.M.	18 W. Orion S. 9.40 P.M.	26 T. 1st Quar. 7.45 A.M.
3 T. Mars near J	11 W. Ck. bef. 3.5m. 14s.	19 T. New J 4.35 P.M.	27 T. rises 7.48 A.M.
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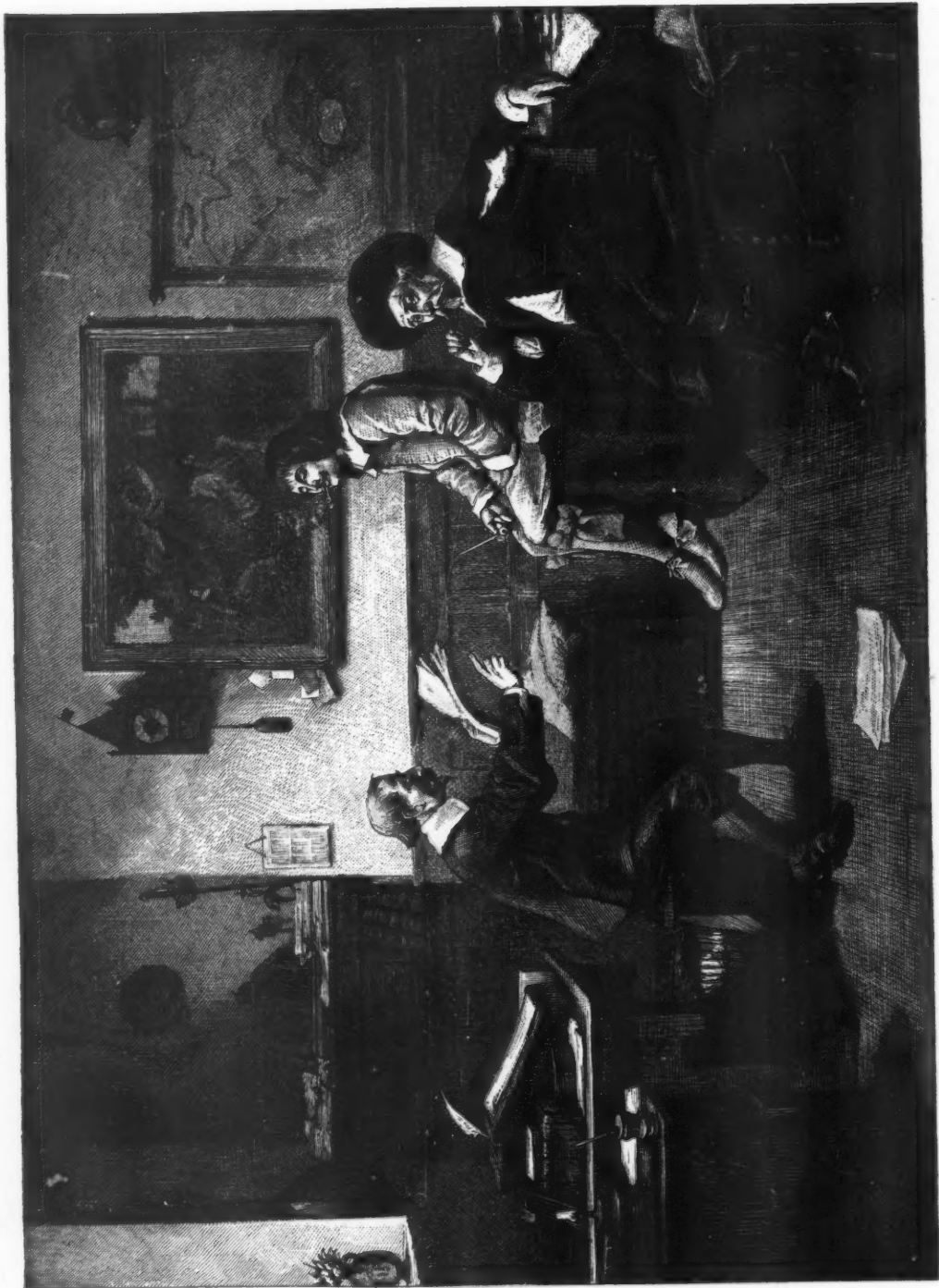
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*H. Stacy Marks, R.A.]*

**AUTHOR AND CRITICS.**

*[Royal Academy, 1881.]*



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# THE LEISURE HOUR.

BY HOOK OR BY CROOK.

BY THE REV. T. S. MILLINGTON, AUTHOR OF "NINE-TENTHS OF THE LAW," ETC.



A GARDEN PARTY.

"Strenua nos exercet inertia."—Horace.

"CARA'S DELIBERATE MOVEMENTS EXASPERATED HIM."

"THESE garden parties would be all very well if one could only know beforehand what the weather would be; but in this changeable, uncertain climate of ours one can never have an idea what to put on. If one ventures to wear a light summer dress, there is sure to be a cold east wind or a thunderstorm; and if one wraps up in order to be prepared for the worst, then the sun comes out with full midsummer intensity, and one is scorched and melted. I never was so vexed and mortified in my life!"

The speaker was a lady, of course, and seemed to be under the impression that the changes of heat and cold, rain and sunshine, were connected

in some mysterious and ungracious way with her own changes of raiment.

There was really nothing to complain of in the weather just then. Although a little close and oppressive by reason of the stillness of the atmosphere, it was as bright and warm as any one could wish or expect in the month of June. But the morning had been overcast, and thunder had been heard in the distance; and Mrs. De Wilde and her daughter had suffered a great deal of perplexity in consequence before leaving home, and had more than once put on and taken off again their light summer garments, adorned with costly ribbons, rich feathers, and Parisian flowers, which

might have wied with the brilliant colouring of the bedding-out plants at Pimpernel Bank, if only they could have "known beforehand" what the weather would be.

They had been looking forward for some days to a delightful garden party where they might expect to meet all the world and his wife. There had been no rain for several weeks, and they had not doubted that they would have a fair day and a pleasant visit. They had special reasons of their own, which we dare not betray, for wishing to appear at their best on this particular occasion; and just at the last moment before leaving home the weather had turned against them. The gathering of distant clouds with increasing darkness, the continuous murmuring of thunder, and other tokens of a coming storm, had caused them to fear that the garden party at Pimpernel Bank would not take place. At the last moment they had hastily laid aside their lighter and more costly garments and assumed a quieter costume, and had started, resolved that nothing less than a positive downpour should stop them. And now, when it was too late to change again, the thunder had ceased, the storm seemed to have blown over, the sun was again shining in his strength, and every dark cloud had disappeared.

Except perhaps the cloud upon Mrs. De Wilde's brow as she stepped from her carriage, and, followed by her daughter Caroline, or Cara, as she was usually called, walked with no light step upon the smooth-shaven lawn, oppressed with the warmth of her thick dress, and regretting with poignant sorrow the lighter and richer decorations which had been left at home.

It was certainly very mortifying. Mrs. De Wilde fretted and fumed, and felt much warmer than even her warm apparel need have rendered her, as she noticed the bright, light, airy, fairy look of a group of young ladies in the middle distance. There were the Miss Prettiwells in bodies of azure blue, with arms of amber, and spotted skirts folded together across the knees and gathered up behind, giving them the appearance of some kind of bright-hued tropical beetle. One could fancy as they rested on their toes, thrown forward by the claw-like heels of their Parisian boots, that they had never been intended to stand erect, but were balancing themselves with difficulty in that posture before spreading their wings to fly away. There, too, were the Miss Gemmes, and their cousin, Emily Garnet, clad in some gauzy material with spangles of silver which glittered in the sunshine, and two other young ladies, sisters, with fair hair, pale complexions, light blue eyes, and white muslin dresses, altogether so colourless and transparent that they could scarcely be seen at all.

Mrs. De Wilde felt utterly oppressed and miserable, as she glanced from these graceful figures at her poor daughter Cara, whose warm dress and comparatively plain hat placed her sadly at a disadvantage.

"I wish we had never come," said Cara, understanding her mother's feelings only too well, though it would scarcely be correct to say that she sympathised with them. "I hate these gar-

den parties. I said it would be fine. I told you how it would be, but you never will listen to any thing I say."

Poor Mrs. De Wilde had been listening to nothing else but her daughter's complaints for the last hour or more. Ever since they had entered the carriage which was to convey them to Pimpernel Bank Cara had been telling her "how it would be." The Miss Gemmes, Emily Garnet, and the transparent sisters had, with instinctive prevision, been cited as examples of "how it would be," and now there they were, exactly as Cara had predicted; and there was she, Cara herself and her mother, in painful and ridiculous contrast with all the rest of the company.

Everybody, literally everybody, was in light, seasonable, summer costume, Mrs. De Wilde and her daughter alone excepted. The scene was elegant, graceful, sylph-like, a perfect picture—"a nineteenth century Watteau," as Cara bitterly described it, "with two nuns approaching." Even the gentlemen wore tennis flannels of the most summery cut and colours, and sprang about in them like grasshoppers.

It was cruel, Cara said, and might so easily have been avoided. Every one else had evidently known that there would be no rain. She wondered dear mamma had not required her to bring her waterproof and the largest "gingham" that could be found in the house, instead of a parasol: her dear mamma might not mind being a dowdy herself in the midst of so much that was elegant and graceful and gay, but she, Cara, had her feelings. Mrs. De Wilde would have warmly repudiated the idea of being a dowdy, and might justly have done so, both on her own behalf and her daughter's; but they were in the midst of company, and it is difficult to carry on an altercation very long in whispers. So she veiled her displeasure with a smile, and advanced to meet her hostess, who was tripping across the lawn to welcome them.

Pimpernel Bank was not a bank of any kind, but a private house of some pretension a few miles from London. There were no pimpernels growing on its well-kept borders. That modest pink-eyed flower, which by its opening and closing serves the observant rustic as a weather-glass, would not have been tolerated among the gayer and more costly plants with which the "Bank" was furnished; but that was no reason why its name should not be used. "The Limes" opposite had not a lime about it. "Deepdale," a little farther on, was situated on an eminence; and "Abbey Field" had nothing of an abbey belonging to it, unless it might be the three windows of carpenter's Gothic, through which its owner looked out upon the high road. There is no accounting for names, especially in the matter of villas.

The owner of Pimpernel Bank was a stock-broker, and, to judge by the style of his home and its surroundings, must have been doing pretty well in his profession. He had "a good nose," people said, by the help of which he had been enabled to make one or two capital hits, and had gained for himself a reputation. He had a large and profitable business connection, and had suc-

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ceeded in making money both for himself and for his clients. He came of a moneyed family also, and that, apart from the immediate and material benefit implied, is a great help to any one in business. Poor men, it is usually said, are exposed to many temptations; one does not always like to trust them, and of course they cannot understand so much about money and its uses as those who have plenty of it. In business, it is not the rich who find it difficult to maintain a high character for integrity, but the poor, even though the latter may have an equal or a better claim to it. So Mr. Tyrrell's reputation as a rich man with wealthy relations helped to extend his opportunities, and enabled him to add to the store which he was supposed to be continually accumulating.

It was not all accumulating, however, as those who visited at Pimpernel Bank could testify. Garden parties are, it is true, an inexpensive form of entertainment, and Mrs. Tyrrell knew how to produce the greatest effect at the smallest cost. But the garden itself, and the house and everything belonging to it, were on a scale which only a very liberal income could have justified. The lawn was large and beautifully kept; the beds of fancy geraniums, petunias, verbenas, and other tender plants required a great deal of glass for their propagation, and the attention of a skilled gardener with assistants. There were stables also, horses, carriages, and other outdoor luxuries, to say nothing of the house itself and the domestic establishment. Mrs. Tyrrell was quite as particular in having everything very nice in her department as Mr. Tyrrell was in his, and though the latter sometimes complained of his wife's extravagance, and murmured at the demand made upon his purse, yet as he did not find it necessary to place a limit to his own expenditure, Mrs. Tyrrell could not, of course, see why she should restrict herself in hers. She, like her husband, had a large circle of acquaintance. It paid him, he said, to cultivate society; most of his friends were clients, or likely to become clients; it was necessary for him to keep up appearances. Mrs. Tyrrell thought it her duty to assist him in doing so, and cultivated the clients' wives. Altogether there was a great deal of money spent at Pimpernel Bank.

Mrs. Tyrrell tripped across the lawn, as we have already said, to receive her guests.

"How lovely!" Mrs. De Wilde exclaimed, looking round her; "and how warm!" She had a way of talking elliptically in broken sentences.

"Yes; we are very fortunate in the weather," said her hostess.

"Oh, but so afraid! Thunder in the distance: did you not hear it? Glass falling: thought we should have had a storm. Such a pity!"

"I do hope we shall not have rain just yet," Mrs. Tyrrell answered, "though the country is dreadfully in want of it; everything quite parched. Still, I hope and trust it will keep off a little longer. We have several engagements, and another garden party next week. It gave me quite a shock when our clergyman prayed for rain last Sunday. I do hope it will not come!"

"If it would only rain all night and be fine all day, how convenient it would be!" said Philo Spicer, a natty little man, scarcely yet out of his teens, who came up at that moment and addressed himself especially to Miss De Wilde.

"'Nocte pluit totâ; redeunt spectacula mane.

Lawn tennis the whole of the day, let the night be never so rainy.'

Excuse me for quoting *Latin*, you know, with a free translation."

"Your flowers look charming, though," Cara remarked, addressing Mrs. Tyrrell, and taking very little notice of Mr. Spicer.

"Yes," she replied; "we have water laid on, and use it freely; so I do hope it will not rain just yet. Too much water makes the courts so soft for tennis."

Tennis appeared to be the most important thing in Mrs. Tyrrell's estimation; the harvest and the turnip crops were nothing to it.

"Your son Bernard," cried Mrs. De Wilde, with a note of interrogation in her voice; "not here?—in the City?"

"Bernard, I am sorry to say, has deserted us," was the answer. "He would go to Westwood House. Mr. Hale has a garden party there; one of his own peculiar kind. A lot of ragged children from some dreadful place in London, and Bernard would go to it."

"There's no accounting for tastes," said Cara, disdainfully.

"No, indeed," Mr. Spicer replied. "Now I—I can't understand that sort of thing!"

"I should think not!" said Cara, with a look which might have implied that he could not be expected to understand anything. But the next moment she favoured him with a momentary smile, which set him at his ease again.

"I only hope," said Mrs. Tyrrell, in an audible whisper to Mrs. De Wilde—"I only hope Bernard has not some other attraction in that quarter."

Cara turned away, as if that were a question in which she could feel no interest.

"Will you play tennis?" Mr. Spicer asked.

"Cara will be delighted," her mother answered for her.

Cara did not look delighted; but being pressed by her hostess to join a set, consented, and went with Mr. Spicer towards the courts.

"Such an excellent game," he remarked, "and so simple. I never could understand why it was not invented sooner, or how people could have lived so long without it."

Mrs. De Wilde followed her daughter and stood looking on. Cara had thrown off her hat and some of her warm clothing, and was moving about with as much agility as a due regard to grace and dignity would permit. Cara had a fine figure: her face, too, was good, though somewhat deficient in animation; her hair was abundant, and she wore it folded up and tied together in a style peculiar to herself, which became her. She had once been likened by Mr. Spicer to a statue of Diana in the British Museum; her shoulders, arms, and neck were well rounded and proportioned, and the bust almost perfect. She was quite conscious of this,

and was if anything a little too statue-like. She would have been of great value to a sculptor as a model. She did not care for lawn tennis, but thought it necessary to do as others did, and glided over the ground as evenly as circumstances would permit, choosing rather to miss her ball than to make a hasty or ungraceful effort.

An elderly stout gentleman, who formed one of the same set and who was an enthusiast at tennis, could scarcely disguise his irritation at her swan-like movements. His own activity was little less than marvellous. Clothed in flannel, which fitted his round figure closely, he was not unlike one of those tennis-balls which he struck so deftly and which by his rapid flights he seemed to emulate. Cara's deliberate movements exasperated him. He had a large, red, perspiring, good-tempered face, and though much puffed, as he called it when he found time to stand still and speak, he was always ready to begin again, especially with a more active and congenial partner.

There was tea and coffee under a spreading walnut-tree, and claret-cup and other refreshments, to which the players betook themselves from time to time; and the day was wearing on, pleasantly enough for the performers, though rather wearily for those who had nothing else to do but look on, when the deep-toned barking of a dog was heard at a distance. Two or three smaller dogs upon the lawn immediately responded to it.

"It's Nero," said Mrs. Tyrrell. "There are so many tramps about. Nero always barks at tramps. He will never let any one come to the house who is shabbily dressed. He is a very sensible dog; he always bites a beggar when he can."

The other dogs, as if they had understood this eulogium and were anxious to show their sense also, ran off in the direction of the gate, barking sharply.

"I should be sorry for any beggar who might be in the way just now," said Mrs. Tyrrell, with a smile.

The next minute one of the curs was heard to yelp, and immediately afterwards it reappeared upon the lawn, running along as quickly as it could upon three legs, and complaining piteously.

"It's Muffin!" cried Mrs. Tyrrell, with a little scream. "Poor dear Muffin! Muff, Muff, Muff! come here, my pet. What have they done to you?"

Before Muffin could answer her another dog was seen in quick retreat, with its tail between its legs.

"What can be the meaning of this?" Mrs. Tyrrell exclaimed, no longer smiling, but with anger on her brow. For beggars and tramps to be barked at and bitten was all very well, but for Muffin and Fluff, her own pet poodles, to be assaulted with stick or stone, as it appeared they had been, was quite a different matter.

"Where is Mortimer? Where is Mr. Tyrrell?" she exclaimed. "He must see to this."

Mortimer was in the middle of a most interesting and hard-fought game, and had only time to bid a servant go to the gate and see what was the matter.

The servant returned in a few minutes, much ruffled.

"It's an old beggar-man, sir. I told him to go out, but he is coming in. I ordered him off, but he came on all the same. There he is, sir. It's not my fault, sir; I could not stop him, sir. He wouldn't even look at me."

"I'll soon settle the fellow," said Tyrrell, and he went towards the gate, followed by two or three of his guests.

Nero was still barking angrily, and the supposed beggar was walking quietly along the drive, towards the house.

"This beats everything!" said Tyrrell. "Where are the police? I'll make an example of this fellow. I'll—why, bless me, if it isn't—yes, it positively is my wife's uncle, Mr. Cramp!"

#### CHAPTER II.—AN UNEXPECTED VISITOR.

"Whose wealth was want—whose plenty made him poore."—*Spenser.*

UNCLE CRAMP approached in a very angry mood, shaking his umbrella and muttering imprecations against the dogs. He was an old man, tall and wiry in appearance, thin and sallow, with sharp features and a large mouth, the extent of which was not apparent till he opened it by reason of the thinness of the lips. It was perfectly straight, and a mere slit; and when he spoke the lower jaw, with its short, pointed beard, seemed to drop and rise like a German toy. The voice, too, was harsh and monotonous, and might have been produced by a leathern valve and bellows, as in those figures. The cheeks, thin and hollow, were seamed with lines which had once perhaps been dimples. The eyes were small, dark, and piercing, and moved restlessly from side to side, especially when he was speaking. Altogether, a face which it was difficult to read; harsh, yet wanting in firmness; singular, and attracting attention, but not pleasant to look upon; exciting at once curiosity and aversion. Although his form was bowed, and his head habitually thrust forward, he walked with a quick step, thrusting his umbrella against the ground as he went, as if to give vent to an exuberance of energy or excitement. His garments were threadbare and old-fashioned; his hat napless and of antique shape, with some bruises, which had been carefully ironed over, but not much improved by the process; his shoes were patched and brown, without a trace of blacking or polish. On the whole, Mr. Cramp, as he walked up the carriage-drive, presented a shabby-genteel appearance—in which the "shabby" greatly preponderated—quite out of place among the fashionable company at Pimpernel Bank, and one which the dogs, who had been taught to bark at tramps, were fully justified in resenting.

"My dear Mr. Cramp!" cried Tyrrell, with a look of the most affectionate concern, "I am afraid you have been annoyed by those horrid dogs. I am so sorry. If I could have known that you would be likely to favour me with a visit here in the country I would have had them locked up."

"Oh, would you? You had better have had them shot! What do you keep such things for?"

I hate dogs! 'Locked up!' Ho ho! Ho ho ho!"

The idea of locking up a dog seemed to afford Mr. Cramp a grim sort of amusement. He was in the habit of locking up nearly everything that he possessed, and carried a large bunch of keys about with him, which he was constantly rattling. He drew them out of his pocket and glanced anxiously at them for a moment as he spoke. "Lock them up!" he repeated—"lock up a dog! Ho, ho! ho, ho!"

"They protect the house from thieves and beggars and tramps," said Tyrrell, apologetically.

"Thieves, beggars, tramps!" the old man answered. "Which of the three did they take me for, I wonder."

"Oh, Mr. Cramp! how can you say such things? I am so glad to see you, and it is so kind of you to come. I did not think of sending you an invitation because—because—I know you don't care about garden parties."

"No, I don't."

"You don't play lawn tennis, I know; and it's rather dull for those who only look on."

"Play lawn tennis! No; I should hope not! and I don't mean to look on if I can help it—set of idiots! Who is that round man, and what is he bounding about in that way for?"

"Hush, my dear sir! he'll hear you."

"Let him! Are those your dogs—all of them?"

"Mine and Louisa's."

"Louisa" was Mrs. Tyrrell, who was Mr. Cramp's niece.

"Well, I don't keep dogs myself—can't afford it; I suppose you can. But I don't see why I should be worried by them for all that."

"I hope they did not hurt you?"

"No; but I think I hurt them. There were a dozen of them."

"Three, my dear Mr. Cramp; only three."

"Three too many! Why, it must cost you a fortune for licences every year—if you pay it—perhaps you don't—to say nothing of their keep. Sheer waste! I hate waste! Utter extravagance! I hate extravagance!"

"Louisa will be so glad to see you," Mr. Tyrrell said. "Do let me take you to her."

"No; I came about business. Went to Horne Court, and they told me you had left early. Suppose you had nothing to do in the City? More's the pity!" He glanced round again at the company, letting his eyes rest finally on Mr. Spicer, whose get-up was perhaps a little more extravagant than the rest, and said again, without caring who might hear him, "Set of idiots!"

"I'm obliged to do it, though," Mr. Tyrrell said, looking very hot and uncomfortable. "These are my clients, most of them. It's all in the way of business, Mr. Cramp, though it may not look like it."

"No; it don't look like it," the old man answered.

"But you see how it is, don't you?"

"See? Oh, yes; I see! Fat man's fallen down. That's the best thing I've seen yet."

"It's expensive, of course," Mr. Tyrrell went on; "but it pays in the long run."

"Pays in the long run, does it? So it ought. And how long will it run, do you think? Ruining yourself for a set of—"

"Oh, but my dear Mr. Cramp, you are too severe. Everybody plays lawn tennis, and it costs next to nothing. It's a very good game in its way; capital exercise. You see that tall man, there? I assure you he is a very clever fellow—Stokes, the writer, you must have heard of him; and that stout man in the other court, that's Serjeant Rapid, quite a leading man at the bar; will be a judge some day. And look at that gentleman with the long beard and the large eyes, near the little tent, that is Count Esca Pesca, the great Italian financier; I shall have him at my office in Horne Court to-morrow. These things pay well, Mr. Cramp, when properly managed; they are quite an investment. Besides, the greatest geniuses and the richest men must have recreation, and they get everything they want at lawn tennis—fresh air, exercise, amusement, everything."

"Stuff! When I was a boy I used to play marbles, and generally won. I don't play marbles now; if I did I should lose. Don't want recreation now; no time for it. Came here about business, as I said before. I suppose you are too much occupied with your 'recreation' to be able to attend to me."

"Oh, no, Mr. Cramp; come this way, sir; come this way, do."

Mr. Tyrrell cast a longing glance at the tennis court, laid down his bat, and led the way into the house.

Mrs. De Wilde was sitting under the verandah for the sake of the shade. She knew Mr. Cramp by sight, and bowed and smiled to him.

"Who can that man be?" was the general inquiry; "no wonder the dogs barked at him!"

Some said he was a messenger from the London office, who had come over with letters; others said he was not respectable enough for that; while those who noticed Mrs. De Wilde's recognition of him were lost in astonishment.

"Who is it?" Cara asked, in a whisper; "why did you bow to him?"

"It's Mr. Cramp; you have heard me speak of him."

"Cramp the millionaire?"

"So they call him. He is very rich, no doubt."

"Why does he dress like a beggar?"

"Nonsense, Cara! He is rather old-fashioned in his costume, nothing more. He is careful about money, people say; but I quite believe he is a very good man for all that."

"He looks like—"

"Don't make remarks, Cara; he is Bernard Tyrrell's uncle."

"An old miser!"

"He has saved money. So much the better for those who are to come after him. Mrs. Tyrrell is his nearest relation."

"I wish he would not come here interrupting the games, and taking Mr. Tyrrell away when he was going to play against me and Spicer. We should have beaten him, I know."

"Hark! thunder! See how the clouds are gathering. It really is going to rain at last."



"How very tiresome!"  
 "You need not say so, Cara. You are prepared for it. See, it is coming already. Now who was right?"

A few heavy drops were followed, almost before the good lady had done speaking, by a heavy thunder-shower, from which the players hastily sought shelter in the tent and under the verandah.

"What a blessing this will be for the country," said Mrs. De Wilde, glancing with ill-concealed satisfaction from her own and her daughter's comparatively safe and sober costume to the light gauzy dresses of the other ladies, which had already begun to show symptoms of collapse.

"No more tennis to-day," one of the gentlemen remarked, as the rain fell more heavily, and the clouds, gathering thick and dark, covered nearly half the heavens. For an hour or more they lingered, hoping that the heavy downpour would presently abate and give them an opportunity of at least returning to their homes without much damage. When at length the clouds began to open, and a gleam of sunshine again broke forth, carriages were ordered, and the visitors began at once to take their leave.

All this time Mr. Tyrrell had remained closeted with his client Cramp. They now re-appeared, and stood together at the door.

Mrs. De Wilde's carriage drove up at that moment. Mr. Spicer was there, ready to hand the ladies in. He had been invited to accompany them, as his home lay in the same direction as theirs. But Mrs. De Wilde turned to Mr. Cramp and exclaimed,

"Oh, Mr. Cramp—so glad! do come with me. Take you to the station, home, or anywhere."

"No, thank you," was the answer.

"Oh, but you must; you really must. I couldn't leave you to go home alone and in the rain."

"Alone! Why not? Rain! There's no rain now. Rain won't hurt me."

He took off his old shiny hat and wiped it with his sleeve, then looked up at the clouds, as if questioning with himself whether the rain, if it should return, might yet do some injury to the old napless beaver. Then he looked at his shoes.

"No," he said again; "rain won't hurt me. I have nothing to spoil. I am sorry for the gauze and feathers, though, frippery and finery. You and your daughter are not so absurd as some of the company, Mrs. De Wilde. The only sensible people here. You are more like me—nothing to spoil!"

"Do come with us, Mr. Cramp," said Mrs. De Wilde, pleased with the compliment, which from any one else's lips would have been regarded as an insult.

"Mamma, mamma!" Cara whispered, frowning at her mother, to remind her that Mr. Spicer had been promised a seat, and that the carriage would not conveniently hold four.

Mr. Cramp observed and understood her.

"Well," he said, "as you are so pressing, I think I will go a little way with you."

He took his place in the centre of the little front seat, facing the ladies, with his long legs

spread out on either side. There was clearly no room for Mr. Spicer, who stood still looking after them with a melancholy air as the carriage drove off.

Cara pouted, and did not care to conceal her annoyance. Mr. Cramp drew down the corners of his mouth stiffly.

"I think, after all, I'll walk," he said, after they had proceeded about a quarter of a mile; and, in spite of Mrs. De Wilde's remonstrance, he stopped the carriage and alighted.

"Good afternoon," he said, touching his hat and smiling grimly. "Thank you all the same."

It was too late then to turn back for Mr. Spicer.

"He is very odd," said Mrs. De Wilde.

"Odd, do you call it?" Cara answered, impatiently.

"Your own fault, Cara; you sat and pouted. He could see you were annoyed."

"I'm glad of that."

"Nonsense, Cara! Mr. Cramp is Bernard's uncle. Bernard is his nearest relative almost. He is a millionaire."

"I don't believe that," said Cara; "and if he were, Bernard Tyrrell is nothing to me. He knew we were coming here, and yet went to the Hales'."

Mrs. De Wilde did not know how to answer that, so she changed the subject.

"Mr. Spicer is only—" she began.

"Oh, do let Mr. Spicer alone. It was you who asked Philo to come with us, not I."

After that they drove home in silence.

#### CHAPTER III.—BEHIND THE SCENES.

"Magnas inter opes inops."—*Horace*.

ALTHOUGH Mr. Tyrrell had been as lively and cheerful as any of his company before the arrival of his relative Cramp, and had reappeared among them after his business interview with that gentleman in his usual good spirits, laughing and joking with them till they were all gone, yet, as the last carriage drove away, a change seemed to come over him. He threw himself down upon one of the garden seats with an air of weariness and annoyance, and almost before the smile had faded from his lips, a frown had settled on his brow.

His wife, drawing near with some casual remark, which under ordinary circumstances would have been the prelude to a satirical talking over and pulling to pieces of the departed guests, their sayings and doings, and the "things" they wore, was told to be quiet if she could, and let him have a little peace at last.

"Peace, Mortimer?" she exclaimed; "what do you mean? Have you not enjoyed yourself? I'm sure I thought you did; and it was for your pleasure all these people came here, not for mine. They are your friends, your clients, business connections. Not at all the set I should have chosen. There was only one person of good family among them, that Italian count, and he did not bring the countess; you wanted me to be civil to them, and these garden parties are the best and cheapest way



to entertain: they cost so little and you do so many people off at once. Tea, coffee, fruit, and claret-cup: the expense is almost nothing."

"So I told that man Cramp. But he would have it I was ruining myself. If you had heard what a lecture he gave me about extravagance! Not that I care about lectures; but of course I don't want to offend him or to let him think that I don't know the value of money."

"I never was more surprised in my life than when I saw him. What did he come for?"

"Business, urgent business. You could not understand if I were to tell you. I wish you would get rid of those two dogs of yours. He was very angry about them. They annoyed him with their horrid noise."

"It was your dog at the gate that set them off. Muffin and Fluff would have been quiet enough if it had not been for Nero. Poor dear Fluff! He struck her such a savage blow with his umbrella that I wonder she was not killed. She never was treated so before, and she can't get over it."

Mr. Tyrrell made a gesture of impatience.

"Well, don't be vexed, Mortimer," said his wife.

"I can't help it. You don't know how much I have to worry me."

"At home, do you mean, or in the City?"

Mr. Tyrrell was silent.

"I hope there is nothing really to be concerned about at Horne Court?" she said. "You have often seemed to be anxious and out of sorts lately. I know it's a risky business."

"You don't know anything about it," he rejoined.

"I wish you had been anywhere but on the Stock Exchange."

"Anywhere! Thank you. I wish your dear uncle had been 'anywhere' instead of coming to me with his business. He is as rich as Croesus and as greedy as he is rich. He thinks I can make money for him without any risk. Some of his recent speculations have not turned out well; and when he comes to know all about it he will blame me. I must get him out of the scrape somehow or other."

"You are not responsible for everything that goes wrong, surely?"

"Of course not; but he will make me feel it. I can't afford to offend him. I must keep in with him whatever happens. He was vexed about Bernard, too."

"What about Bernard?"

"Why, he ought to have been here, making acquaintance with our City friends. It's a pity Bernard can't understand his own interests. Mrs. De Wilde asked after him, too. De Wilde is a moneyed man, and has a handsome daughter who would be a catch for any one. Mr. Cramp knows all about that. Such a match would please the old man, and be a fine thing in every way for Bernard. He said that Mrs. De Wilde and her daughter were the only sensible people he had seen to-day, judging by the dresses they wore. I wish you would give Bernard a hint about Cara De Wilde. If you don't I must. There is young Philo Spicer ready to snap her up in a moment. Even Cramp

could see that. He took a seat in Mrs. De Wilde's carriage on purpose to keep him out. He must have been very much in earnest to do that."

"Bernard has always been attached to his cousin, Agatha Hale," said Mrs. Tyrrell.

"Only a boy and girl; and Cramp has no opinion of the Hales."

"There is not a better man living than Mr. Hale," said Mrs. Tyrrell, stoutly.

"Very likely; but you know what he is. He gives away half his income; he does not know the value of money; and Agatha is just the same. Mr. Cramp will not leave his property to any one who does not know how to take care of it. If Bernard were to marry Agatha, Cramp would never speak to him again. That must be put a stop to."

"I don't know anything about Cara De Wilde," said Mrs. Tyrrell; "but I do know that Agatha Hale is a dear good girl, and would make any good man happy."

Having said that, she went away to avoid her husband's reply. From her window she watched him pacing moodily to and fro upon the lawn, with his hands in his pockets and his eyes bent upon the grass, in earnest, anxious thought, until the bell rang for dinner. Even then he lingered for some time before entering the house, and when he at length sat down to table was moody and taciturn. Although they had a good cook, everything that he tasted was pronounced uneatable. He drank freely, and before the evening was over became a little more cheerful; but his wife could not fail to observe that something serious weighed upon his mind. She was not unaccustomed to such moods; for although Mr. Tyrrell could be exceedingly agreeable in company, and made it his business to be more especially cheerful and pleasant when he had most reason to be the contrary, he did not think it necessary to dissemble his feelings at home, and vented his ill-humour all the more freely there for having restrained it in the presence of strangers.

Thus it often happened, as in the present instance, that while his recent guests were yet speaking of him in terms of admiration, and praising his lively, genial disposition and his politeness and attention to themselves, his wife had reason to complain of his morose and irritable temper, and of his neglect towards her of the ordinary amenities of conduct. She, on her part, made matters worse by resenting his behaviour; and so, instead of the mutual help and comfort which the one ought to have of the other, both in prosperity and adversity, there was mutual reserve and discontent.

After Mrs. Tyrrell had retired, Mr. Tyrrell sat for a long time in his easy-chair, uneasily musing.

"Something must be done," he muttered to himself. "I wish the old man would let me alone for a few weeks. It would all come right in the end. He is so suspicious and restless. I have managed very well for him hitherto, but he won't trust me, and if he finds out that things have gone against him lately I shall get out of his good books altogether. I must not let him lose money if I can help it. Two or three thousands would be nothing to him, but he would fly into a passion

about it, and never come into my office again, and perhaps cut me off. He *will* speculate, and when he wins grudges me a fair commission on his gains. When he loses, which he scarcely ever does, he is like a madman. I would rather pay his losses any day than offend him, but that is not so easy just now. I must find the cash somehow to-morrow. I can make it right afterwards, and he will know nothing about it. Yes, I must manage it somehow. I must keep in with old Cramp whatever happens."

So he sat and mused till the lamp began to sputter.

"Going out?" he said, attracted by the sound.

"Used up? No oil? 'Hem! Just my case."

He turned up the wick, and the lamp burned brightly for a few moments.

"That's what I must do," he said, turning an imaginary screw with his fingers. "If I can only tide over this present difficulty, so as to have time to turn round, I shall be all right. Ha! now it's gone out. That's awkward! I hope I shall have better luck than that."

He groped his way to the door, still muttering to himself. There was a candle burning in the passage, and he took it and went upstairs.

"Yes," he said, as he paused for a moment at his bedroom door, "I must manage it somehow."



Oil for the lamp before it goes out, and a screw up just for the present. It will be all right by-and-by. I must keep in with old Cramp. I must manage it somehow—by hook or by crook—somehow."

#### CHAPTER IV.—ANOTHER GARDEN PARTY.

"Good is no good, except it be spende,  
God giveth it for none other end."

—Spenser.

THE thunder-shower had passed away, and the sun was shining again in the western sky, as Mr. Cramp paced along the high road on

his way to the railway-station from which he was to return to London. He was still fuming and excited; the business which had brought him so unexpectedly to Pimpernel Bank was of an unpleasant kind, as it threatened loss of money; the reception he had met with from the dogs, and the sight of the gay company on pleasure bent, with the stockbroker, who had been in some sort the cause of his annoyance, enjoying himself in the midst of them, had exasperated him. He dug his umbrella into the ground at every step, giving vent to his feelings. A carriage passed him, containing two ladies and a gentleman. The latter wore a loose coat over his flannels, and had his tennis-bat still in his hand.

"Dogs, puppies, cats!" said the old man, snarling at the carriage as it almost brushed his clothes in passing, for he scarcely condescended to make way for it. "Cats, puppies, dogs! What were they ever made for, I wonder? I hate 'em all. I hate 'em."

A few minutes later his ears were suddenly assailed by the sound of many voices, shouting, as with one accord, in joyful acclamation.

"What's up now?" he exclaimed, with increasing wrath.

"The balloon, sir!" cried a youthful voice at his elbow, in answer to this question. "There it is; don't you see it? Right up above the trees—there—there—don't you see it? No! you are not looking in the right place; just to the left of that there big tree."

Mr. Cramp involuntarily turned his eyes in the direction indicated, and discovered a small fire-balloon floating in the air, at no great distance.

"There, you see it now, sir, don't you? Ain't it lovely? Now it's coming down; now it's going up again; now it wobbles. I hope it won't catch fire, sir, don't you?"

Mr. Cramp looked down at the small speaker's upturned and excited face with anger and contempt.

"Hold your tongue, boy," he said, "and get out of my way, do."

"Oh, ain't it wobbling now," the boy repeated, too much interested in the little paper balloon to take any notice of Mr. Cramp. "Look at it, sir; do look at it! Oh my!"

Mr. Cramp's only reply to this appeal was a thrust with his umbrella. The boy struck at it in self-defence, and the weapon fell to the ground, leaving the handle in its owner's hands. Before he could recover it a large gate was thrown open and a troop of boys poured forth into the road, shouting and gesticulating; and as they were all looking up at the balloon, and could see nothing else, they trampled Mr. Cramp's umbrella into the mud, and very nearly upset its owner also, hustling him and treading on his toes.

Mr. Cramp stood still, looking very fierce and grim, but entirely helpless, while the crowd of boys rushed past him. Once or twice he aimed a blow at those who pushed against him, but they dodged out of his reach. And when at length they had all passed by, he took up his broken gingham and stood contemplating it, bedaubed and betrampled as it was, with stern and speech-

less indignation. "Boys!" he exclaimed, at length; "boys, indeed! I wish there were no such things in the created world. I hate 'em all! I hate 'em!"

"Look here!" he continued, addressing a gentleman who approached at that moment; "see what your boys have done! Look at this umbrella!"

He tried to open it as he spoke, but the ribs were twisted or broken, and came out in all directions through the cover, which, being old and tender, yielded easily for the rugged wires to pass through and show themselves.

"Look at this umbrella, I say!" the old man repeated, angrily, holding up the tangled mass and thrusting it out at arm's length.

"I am very sorry; I hope none of our children are responsible," said the person addressed, who had the appearance of a clergyman.

"No, sir; the children are not responsible; I don't so much blame them; those who have the charge of them are responsible; those who bring them out holiday-making, and set them to run helter-skelter after paper bags, sent up on purpose; they are responsible. Fire-balloons, indeed! Balloons of any kind are ridiculous, but fire-balloons! Why, sir, haystacks, houses, cities have been burned down by them, and if anything of that sort should happen, as it probably will, you would be responsible, not the children."

"I am very sorry," said the other—though it must be confessed he did not look so—"this is a school treat—Wolf Court Ragged Schools, from London. The children are enjoying themselves. You must make allowances; they are apt to run a little wild on such occasions. Our good friend, Mr. Hale, has been giving them a delightful entertainment in his grounds."

"Mr. Hale? What, then, is this Westwood House? Yes, I recognise it now. Another garden party, ay? Just like Felix Hale. Well, if he likes to throw away his money and waste his substance with this sort of riotous living he is welcome to please himself; but he should keep his children on his own ground, and his fire-balloons too. Balloons, indeed! If that's the

way children are to be taught in these days, it's a pity there should be any children."

At this juncture Mr. Hale appeared to answer for himself. He was another of Mr. Cramp's nephews (by marriage), and was owner of the house and grounds near to which the umbrella catastrophe had happened. A tall, pleasant, cheerful man, of smooth and ruddy complexion, though by no means young. He held out his hand to Mr. Cramp with a look of surprise and pleasure, and as some heavy drops of rain again began to fall, persuaded him to take shelter in his house until the threatened storm should pass over.

There was a large party assembled, consisting chiefly of school children and their teachers. The former were now rushing back unceremoniously to the lawn, the balloon having collapsed and another being in prospect.

"You ought to be a rich man, Hale," the old man said, turning to his nephew, after a hasty survey of the tables, which were still covered with fragments of the ample feast provided for the children and their teachers. "How many of these boys and girls have been here to-day stuffing and cramming at your expense?"

"About three hundred," Mr. Hale answered, with a look of delight.

"It will cost you something."

"Oh, yes; no doubt."

"You may live to want it."

"I shall not live to regret it, I dare say."

"I should, if I were to go on at this rate."

The smile faded for a moment from Mr. Hale's lips, and a look of care crossed his features. It was gone in a moment.

"The money is not thrown away, Mr. Cramp," he said, more seriously. "Look at those happy faces! Think how little enjoyment these poor children have from year's end to year's end; how seldom they breathe a fresh and wholesome atmosphere, or enjoy a good and sufficient meal. I only wish I could give them such a treat more frequently. How could money be better spent? And, after all, to take your own view of such things, it's not all 'going out': it will come back



"SEE WHAT YOUR BOYS HAVE DONE!"



again; it's a good investment, an excellent investment."

"How do you make that out? Tyrrell calls his garden parties a good investment. He says they bring business and pay in the long run. I don't hold with it myself, even in his case: but this sort of thing is absurd."

Mr. Hale did not wish to compare himself or his doings with Mr. Tyrrell's, therefore he said no more; but there was a saying in his memory which more than justified him—

"When thou makest a dinner or a supper, call not thy friends, nor thy brethren, neither thy kinsmen, nor thy rich neighbours; lest they also bid thee again, and a recompense be made thee."

"But when thou makest a feast, call the poor, the maimed, the lame, the blind:

"And thou shalt be blessed; for they cannot recompense thee: for thou shalt be recompensed at the resurrection of the just."

"Well, it's your business, not mine," Mr. Cramp said, curtly.

"That's just what I was thinking," Mr. Hale replied. "I only wish you would join me in it; there's another school, larger than this, near Deadman's Court, that wants an outing."

Deadman's Court was a set of squalid houses belonging to Mr. Cramp, who lived in the same neighbourhood, and collected the weekly rents with his own hand from his needy tenants. He smiled cynically in reply to Mr. Hale's proposal, as if it had been a joke; and by way of changing the subject, asked, "What are they going to do now?"

"Another fire-balloon; a large one this time, the first was only a pilot. This is a splendid fellow, a regular Montgolfier; a present from Tyrrell."

"From Tyrrell? You don't mean that! I thought he had more sense."

"Young Tyrrell; Bernard, I mean."

"Oh, that's another thing; I'm not surprised at him. He's here, I suppose; is he going up in it?"

"No, I hope not."

"It's a pity. So that's the way he spends his money, is it?"

Mr. Cramp turned away with a look of disgust, as if there were not a wise man left upon the earth except himself.

The Montgolfier was troublesome to manage. The rain had ceased, but there were frequent puffs of wind. A tall man was wanted to stand on a pair of steps and hold the top of the balloon, while the sponge, saturated with spirit, was lighted underneath.

"Who is that man talking to Mr. Hale?" some one asked. "Beg him to come here."

A "ragged" boy ran at once to Mr. Cramp, supposing him to be a gardener, and told him he was "wanted" immediately to get upon the top of the steps and hold the "barloon."

The look of scorn with which the child's proposal was received may be more easily imagined than described.

"What does he take me for?" the old man asked, turning indignantly to the master of the house; "for a fool or a mountebank?"

Before the question could be answered, Bernard Tyrrell was seen ascending the steps, and by his timely help the balloon was successfully inflated, and, upon a given signal, let loose, and began its ascent.

There were some high trees near; and although the spot chosen for the ascent was as far to windward of them as possible, some uneasiness had been felt lest the balloon should fail to clear them. All eyes were fixed, and all mouths open, as the "sea of upturned faces" followed the movements of the balloon.

"I hope it won't catch in that tall elm," Mr. Hale exclaimed.

"I hope it will," Mr. Cramp growled, half aloud.

"I'm afraid it will," said Mr. Hale, as much excited as any of the children.

"I'm afraid it won't," the old man rejoined.

"Hurrah!" cried many voices, as it swept past a branch which had nearly caught it.

"Oh! oh! oh!" burst from a hundred throats the next instant, as it touched the very top of the tree, stuck there, and heeled over. The flame could be seen waving to and fro inside, and approaching dangerously near its gauzy sides.

"A touch would release it," said Mr. Hale; "but it is quite out of reach."

"When I was a boy," said Mr. Cramp, "I should have thought nothing of climbing a tree like that. If any of those lads were good for anything they'd soon be up that tree, if only to let off a balloon. This is the effect of education; it's ruining the country. I have always said so."

A little clean-limbed active-looking boy, about eleven years of age, who had been watching the event with intense interest, heard what Mr. Cramp said, and, looking up at his face for a moment, started off at the top of his speed for the tree.

"Give me a leg up," he said to a man who stood near.

"You can't climb *that* high," was the answer. "You'd break your neck."

"I can," said the boy; "that old man said so, and I mean to try."

"It's Jacko," some of the other boys exclaimed. "Jacko can do it."

Jacko was a young acrobat, accustomed to swarm up a narrow pole and to cling in various attitudes to the top of it while balanced by his "father" from below.

The man hesitated for a moment, and then, supposing that Mr. Cramp had given his sanction to the attempt, complied with the boy's wish, and helped him up to the first branch.

From thence Jacko ascended rapidly, lifting himself by his hands, and clinging with his feet to every "coin of vantage." All eyes were fixed upon the huge balloon, which kept swaying to and fro, being well inflated, but unable to break away from the slender branch which held it captive. Only a few of the boys, and the man who had given Jacko a leg up, seemed to be aware of the boy's attempt.

"I am afraid it's doomed," said Mr. Hale. "I wonder it has not caught fire before now. See how the flame shoots up! There it goes! No;



it lives yet. There's something in the tree," he continued; "see how it shakes."

"Some one has climbed up it," a bystander observed.

"I hope not," Mr. Hale replied; "those top branches are so slight and so brittle. I hope no one has ventured so far."

"There is some one in the tree, I am certain," was the answer. "He has got hold of the right branch, too, and is shaking it; all the other boughs are still. That is not the wind."

By this time most of the other spectators had arrived at the same conclusion, and Jacko's name was proclaimed as the adventurer.

Presently the top of the tree was again shaken vigorously, and from a higher standing-point. The balloon righted itself, sprang up, and broke away, carrying a small sprig of the elm branch with it as a trophy. Every voice was raised in shouts of admiration; every eye followed the painted globe as it mounted and sailed away, safe from all further risk. Only Mr. Hale stood in silence, with a grave and anxious look, gazing intently at the tree.

It was still moving, being agitated more sharply than before. Some of the topmost boughs bent down suddenly, and did not recover themselves. And then, above the noise of the voices, Mr. Hale's eager, sensitive ear could hear the sound of the branches yielding and crashing as if something were dropping through them.

In an instant he was at the foot of the tree, with the gardener by his side. Jacko was then seen high up in the elm, hanging across one of the boughs, motionless. They called to him, but he did not answer.

"He is hurt," said Mr. Hale; "how is he to be reached and rescued?"

Bernard Tyrrell, who had been standing near with two or three others, sprang forward and ran towards the tree. Leaping up, he caught hold of a projecting knop with one hand, and, raising himself by sheer muscular force, gained a position upon one of the lower branches with a vigour and agility which he had acquired by frequent practice at a gymnasium. The spectators crowded round the tree, watching his progress. Scarcely a word was spoken, except in low tones, as one pointed out to another the inanimate form of the young boy hanging in a precarious position over the branch which had providentially arrested his descent. It is generally said that acrobats learn how to fall. Perhaps Jacko had made for this particular branch in his descent, and had contrived to throw himself across it; but he was evidently quite helpless now, and incapable of making any effort even to retain his position.

As Bernard mounted higher he paused only for an instant to test the strength of the branches before trusting himself to them, and very soon was able to reach the object of his solicitude, and to grasp him firmly by the arm. His real difficulty then began. To descend is always more perilous than to climb, but to carry another in one's arms when hands and feet were both fully engaged must be a work of no little danger. Bernard quickly came to the conclusion that he must be

satisfied to remain where he was, preserving his young and helpless companion from further injury until a long ladder could be procured. Meanwhile he endeavoured to discover the extent of his injuries. No limbs were broken, but the boy had received a severe blow on the head, and was senseless. His hands and face, though moist from his recent exertions, were cold to the touch, and the pulse was faint. He scarcely seemed to breathe.

As soon as the ladder could be procured Bernard lifted poor Jacko in his arms, and carrying him down in safety, laid him upon the grass. An elderly woman, who had been busy all the afternoon attending to the boys, and whose kind, motherly appearance seemed to invite their confidence, was waiting to receive the sufferer with such restoratives and appliances as her experience of many years as nurse in Mr. Hale's house suggested. Mrs. Thistledown was but a visitor at Westwood House that day, her present home and occupation being at Mr. Hale's chambers in Bedford Buildings, where she was housekeeper or laundress. It was so fortunate, every one said, that she was on the spot to-day, for she knew better than any one else what ought to be done in such emergencies, and seemed to take pleasure in doing it. Mr. Hale's only daughter, Agatha, hastened to assist her, but she was herself too much agitated to be of much use. Her eyes turned involuntarily towards her Cousin Bertram, searching his countenance as if in fear that he also had suffered in rescuing the boy, or gazing on his handsome features in admiration of the part which he had performed. He had been by her side when young Jacko's danger was first discovered, and had felt her hand upon his arm, detaining him, as he ran off to the rescue. She had watched his every movement as he mounted from branch to branch, with an anxiety too great to be dissembled, and all the while he remained in the tree she had stood, still looking up into it, pale and speechless. Even now she could scarcely command herself, and her hands trembled and employed themselves to little purpose in endeavouring to follow Mrs. Thistledown's directions. But medical help was presently at hand, and then the poor boy, still insensible, was carried into the house.

Mr. Cramp had been looking on with more interest than he would have cared to acknowledge. At first he was indignant that any one should incur even the slightest risk for the sake of a balloon; then when it was evident that an accident had occurred he gave vent to his feelings in a general condemnation of the proceedings which had led up to it.

"This comes of school feasts, garden parties, and such like. Just what might have been expected!"

But when he drew near and saw poor Jacko lying on the ground, and remembered how the lad had looked up into his face before running off to climb the tree, he could not help feeling that he himself was not free from blame in the matter. It occurred to him also that under such circumstances he might possibly be called upon to pay the doctor. He waited, however, about the house door

until Mr. Hale came out, and brought a report of little Jacko's condition, which was more favourable than might have been anticipated, and then, finding himself alone and unobserved, took his departure.

The umbrella, which refused to be folded together in any convenient shape, got in his way and worried him. He examined it carefully, and, finding that it really was not worth repairing, was about to throw it away among the shrubs, when, seeing a little girl pass near, he thought he might as well do a kind thing for once, and beckoning to her, gave her the umbrella.

"Here," he said, "you may have this for your own. Your mother can set it straight for you if you ask her."

The little girl had no mother, and said so, but he left the thing in her hands, and, as she was looking after him with some surprise, she put her foot into the tangled mass and fell into the middle of it. Mr. Cramp, looking round, saw her struggling helplessly upon the ground, like a fly in a cobweb.

"Little simpleton!" he said to himself. "She will make it worse than it was. Children are all alike in these days—poor helpless creatures. So much for schools and education! I wish I had not given it her."

And he resolved that it was no use trying to be generous, or to do any one a kindness. He would never again yield to such a weakness.

#### CHAPTER V.—BEDFORD BUILDINGS.

"For his bounty,  
There was no winter in't; an autumn 'twas  
That grew the more by reaping."

—Shakespeare.

IT has been already hinted that Mr. Hale, the owner of Westwood House, was a barrister, and that he had chambers in Bedford Buildings, a pleasant, quiet locality somewhere in the neighbourhood of High Holborn. Mrs. Thistle-down was housekeeper there: she preferred that title to the more usual term of laundress. She had only a flat, consisting of some four or five rooms to "keep;" but her position was, in fact, one of no little responsibility. The real laundresses, who dwelt underground, and visited the chambers to which they were respectively attached only before and after office hours, envied her the comfortable apartments which she occupied, and the honour and dignity which she enjoyed as Mr. Hale's factotum. Although he was in one sense her master, Mrs. Thistle-down was in every sense her own mistress. In Mr. Hale's absence she reigned supreme. When Mr. Hale was in chambers she still ruled, mildly, but conspicuously. She took care of him; she received and dismissed his clients. She even gave her opinion and advice on all difficult cases, and sometimes without waiting to be asked for it. The clients treated her with respect, and were careful to propitiate her and enlist her sympathies, though not by the mercenary offer of fees, which she would have rejected with scorn.

Mr. Hale was usually to be found at chambers during the forenoon. His name was written on

the doorposts down below among a string of others, and again over the outer door or "oak," which usually stood open whether he were in town or not; but when you knocked at the inner door, instead of hearing the latch click as a signal for you to push and enter, it was opened gently and deliberately, neither by clerk nor office-boy, but by a pleasant-looking, matronly woman, with a white frilled cap and ringlets upon her head, a print dress fresh and stiff as if it had just arrived from a country laundry, neat little cuffs, white as snow, and, better than all the rest, a fresh, genial countenance, a soft, gentle voice (an excellent thing in woman), and a friendly, cheerful greeting—friendly alike whether for high or low, rich or poor.

Mr. Hale's clients were chiefly of the latter class, and very different in many respects from those who generally mounted the same staircase on their way to higher floors and other doors. They carried no briefs with them, unless it were in the form of petitions or commendatory letters; they brought no pleadings, except perhaps a sad story of their own or their neighbours' wants, sicknesses, or sorrows. They handed in no fees, but often found themselves richer in pocket after their consultation than before; they offered no refreshers, but generally went away refreshed, both in body and spirit, from their interview with Mr. Hale and Mrs. Thistle-down. The former gave good counsel to all who were in want of it, and with it something more substantial; it was not, "Depart in peace, be ye warmed and filled," but a warming of hearts and a filling of other regions. Mrs. Thistle-down was always ready to do her substantial part in this business; she was clerk, porter, housekeeper, parlour-maid, and relieving-officer all in one. From Monday morning till Saturday night she seldom quitted the chambers, except for an hour or so, on some errand of mercy; but on special occasions, such as a "ragged holiday," she went to Westwood House; and the Sundays were always spent there. Not unfrequently she took with her for a real Sabbath rest some poor neighbour for whom change of air was required; or some invalid child in want of good nourishment and nursing, for whom a few days in the country under Agatha Hale's care was like life from the dead, and that life in Paradise.

Change of air and scene is an excellent prescription. Among the higher and middle classes it is considered indispensable for those who are sick, and highly beneficial even for those who are sound. How much more valuable "change of air" must be for those whose lungs are constantly charged from a close and vitiated atmosphere, and how much more refreshing both to mind and body "change of scene" for those whose lives are passed in the narrow, squalid courts of our great and crowded cities. How often would our anxious sympathising medical officers prescribe this "mixture," fresh air and country scene, with the positive assurance of a favourable termination of some painful disorder in which, for want of it, they are helpless and baffled, if only they could tell the sufferer at the same time where to get the specific properly "made up." Excursion trains, it need hardly to be said, do not supply the want. Sun-

days-out are but a counterfeit, a gross adulteration of the mixture. There must be rest and comfort, not hurry and dissipation; there must be calm and quiet enjoyment, refreshment for soul and spirit as well as for the wearied limbs and nerves. Such was the "change" which Mr. Hale and his daughter Agatha contrived in their own house, or among the cottage homes of the neighbourhood, for some who never could have had it without such personal attention on their part, and who would perhaps have died for want of it. Let us hope that there are not a few of our country and suburban residents who exercise the same care for their poorer City neighbours, who have not eaten their morsel alone, nor enjoyed their frequent, perhaps daily, change of air and scene, without helping others to a share of it.

Mr. Hale's practice as a barrister was almost entirely limited to the class of clients we have described. They were their own solicitors. In defiance of all professional etiquette they laid their own cases before him, and he consulted with them face to face, and without previous "appointments." The chambers in Bedford Buildings were, in fact, maintained not for the sake of legal business, but as a convenient centre from which to dispense the gifts and kind offices of a benevolent man, who, having no need to labour for his own living, devoted all his time and a great deal of his substance to works of charity and mercy in behalf of others.

Mr. Hale was honorary secretary to more than one charitable society, treasurer to a hospital, ditto to a school for orphans, chief manager of a home for governesses, member of a dozen committees at least, and one of the two or three constant attendants on whom practically the chief work of such bodies devolves. Few men on his staircase, or in the whole range of the Buildings, worked so hard in their professional career as Mr. Hale did in the line of duty which he had marked out for himself; few gave themselves so earnestly to advance their own interests as he did to promote the welfare of his poorer neighbours. It was a work of faith, a labour of love; beset with difficulties, attended with frequent discouragements and disappointments, leading him sometimes into errors and disputes from his too great readiness to take up arms in behalf of those who seemed to be oppressed, and to make other people's cares his own; but he never lost heart or swerved from his course; it seemed to be as naturally and plainly his business to assist the needy and to protect the helpless as it is for others to labour for their own advancement and to please themselves.

Mr. Hale was later than usual in arriving at his chambers on the morning which followed the school treat at Westwood House. He had been detained by his anxiety on account of the poor boy Jacko, wishing to hear the doctor's opinion of him before leaving home. Mrs. Thistledown had preceded him by an earlier train, so the "oak" was open as usual, and two or three clients were waiting for him in the little ante-room when he arrived. Mrs. Thistledown, or Janet, as she was familiarly called, thought her master looked tired

and pale, and would have persuaded him to take some refreshment before attending to business. Janet thought it a part of her duty to exercise a motherly care over her master. She had nursed his only child Agatha from a baby, and since the death of his wife had taken him also under her protection. Men never know how to manage themselves, she said, and her master was not so strong as he supposed. He spent so much of his time and energy in taking care of others that it was quite necessary some one should take care of him. Mr. Hale was always happy and patient under her attentions, but he did not often profit by them. "Thank you, Janet," was his usual answer, accompanied with a movement of the head which showed her that her suggestions, though appreciated, were declined.

"Who comes first?" Mr. Hale asked.

"Mrs. Watkin was the first to arrive, but Mrs. Jones has no one at home to mind her house."

"Then let Mrs. Jones in first."

Mrs. Jones's case was soon disposed of. She "went in like a cloud and came out like a rainbow," as Mrs. Thistledown expressed it; "a tear in her eye and a smile shining through it;" and as she went down the stone staircase the men of business, who passed her three steps at a time, might, if they had not been in such a hurry, have heard her muttering blessings to herself, not loud but deep.

Mrs. Watkin followed. She was an old customer, and always brought a basket with her. It was with no friendly look that she regarded Mrs. Jones, who had been preferred before her; but her wrathful expression faded into an air of general misery as she entered Mr. Hale's room and stood before his chair. She also was quickly disposed of and went away with a sigh, her features hardening as she quitted the house with a look of discontent. Mr. Hale had promised to call at her house, and that was not the kind of thing that Mrs. Watkin wanted. A great many other clients of this class were interviewed in their turn, and the last of them had scarcely departed when other visitors arrived, bringing subscription lists, prospectuses, voting cards, or other documents of a similar kind, from the various societies which they represented.

"I am afraid you don't seem very well, sir," Mrs. Thistledown remarked, for the third or fourth time, when there was again an interval.

"A little tired, Janet, nothing more," he answered.

"You had better take a little—"

"Thank you, Janet; not now."

He looked at his watch, sat down, and began to write, and Mrs. Thistledown withdrew.

When she again entered the room to announce another "client," she observed that her master was engaged with some papers which he had taken from an iron cupboard, and which he replaced in haste on being interrupted.

"Mrs. Bidmore, sir, and her son. Can you see them?"

"Yes, I have been expecting them."

Mrs. Bidmore appeared immediately, a stout, masculine woman, with marked features; her costume also was strongly distinctive, being in the ex-



treme of widowhood; her crape was old and brown, but her sorrow had apparently lost none of its freshness, for her eyes were red as if with constant weeping, and she drew her handkerchief down each cheek as often as she spoke; the tone of her voice was lugubrious, and she finished every sentence with a sigh, which sometimes ended in a sob or moan. Mrs. Thistle-down had not so much sympathy in her distress as might have been expected; for she shook her head impatiently as soon as she had introduced her to her master, and

Mrs. Bidmore had asked Mr. Hale to lend this money to her son, and he had said that he would think about it.

On being told to sit down, Mr. Bidmore lowered himself carefully on to the corner of a chair near the door, under the shadow of his mother, who continued standing.

"I have been looking over my papers," Mr. Hale remarked, "and—" He hesitated.

"Yes, sir; you are very kind, sir; very kind indeed," Mrs. Bidmore answered, with emotion.



MRS. THISTLEDOWN'S APPEAL.

murmured to herself, "No rainbow there; I wish the master hadn't been at home to see her."

Mr. Andrew Bidmore was a young man with pale face and dark hair, scrupulously neat in his apparel, quiet in his movements, and with something of a clerical appearance. He was clerk or assistant in the office of a Mr. Price, house-agent and broker. Mr. Hale had had some dealings with him on behalf of one or two of his poorer clients, and had noticed in him a humane disposition. The poor are too much at the mercy of those whose business it is to distrain for rent and to take goods in possession. Bidmore had acted with as much gentleness and patience as his unpleasant duties would allow, and Mr. Hale had expressed his pleasure at his way of doing business, and had promised to be a friend to him if opportunity should offer.

Opportunity had offered almost immediately in the shape of a partnership with Mr. Price, his employer, for which, however, the sum of three hundred pounds was required by way of capital.

"Very kind," the young man echoed.

The reply seemed rather to add to Mr. Hale's embarrassment.

"I am sorry to say," he began again—and again hesitated.

"I am sure you will have no cause to be sorry," Mrs. Bidmore said. "I should be very sorry if you was to be sorry on our account; very sorry indeed, and so would my son Andrew."

"Very sorry indeed," Andrew repeated.

"I am sure, sir, you ought not to be sorry for being able to do us a kindness, and me a widow! I promise you that you shall never regret it."

"Never regret it!" from the echo.

"Quite so," Mr. Hale replied, "but the fact is I do not see my way—"

"Oh, sir, a way will be found for you."

"No doubt. Still one must be guided by circumstances."

"Yes, sir. Circumstances over which we have no control; such is the cause of my present unfortunate position."



She spread out her arms for a moment, as if to display her widow's garments, and then buried her face in her handkerchief.

"You must allow me to explain," Mr. Hale went on, feeling very nervous and uncomfortable.

"Oh, sir; no, sir; no explanation, sir; none can be needed from you, Mr. Hale. Oh no, sir; no explanation."

"But I am in some difficulty."

"I am sorry, very sorry, Mr. Hale; but no difficulty, I am well assured, will prevent you from keeping a promise, a faithful promise."

"Did I go so far as to promise?" Mr. Hale said.

"Oh yes, sir; faithful, faithful."

"I did not think I had done that. If you remember, I said I would take a day to consider your request."

"Yes, sir; but you promised you would do it if you could; promised faithful."

"And the question now is, Can I?"

"I did not suppose there could be any doubt about that, sir, with a rich man like yourself. We considered it quite settled, and were both of us so thankful; and Andrew has gone so far as to make his arrangements with Mr. Price in consequence."

"You have been a little too hasty," said Mr. Hale, turning to Andrew Bidmore.

"We don't wish to be in haste; there is no immediate hurry for the money, only we should like to know when you can conveniently let us have it," Mrs. Bidmore said, answering, as usual, for her son.

"I cannot conveniently let you have it at all," was the answer.

Mrs. Bidmore looked piteously at Mr. Hale for a moment, then dropped into a chair and hid her face in her handkerchief.

"I can hardly believe my own ears," she said at last, in broken accents. "If we had known how it was to be we would never have run into—never have made arrangements. You said as plain and faithful as could be that you would let my son have this small sum of money if you could, and of course you can, you know, sir; you can, Mr. Hale, sir; oh yes, you can, you can."

"Three hundred pounds is not a small sum, Mrs. Bidmore. To me, at this moment, it is really a large amount. I can find it for your son, of course, but—"

"Yes, sir; thank you, sir. We are deeply grateful, sir—"

"Hear me a minute. I can find the money, but I doubt whether I ought to do so; I have so many other claims upon me."

"Yes, sir; I know you have. Still, in this peculiar case, the widow and the orphan, sir, and a faithful promise, sir—"

"Well, well; if I have led you to expect—"

"Yes, sir; if I had thought as it would be inconvenient to you I would never have asked you for the money. Andrew will pay it back, sir; every shilling."

"I dare say he will do his best."

"I will indeed, sir!" said Andrew, looking a little ashamed either of his mother's importunity or of his own position as a borrower under such

circumstances. "I will repay every shilling, sir, sooner or later, by hook or by crook, somehow."

"Don't be too ready to make promises," Mr. Hale replied, turning to the young man with gravity. "I am sure you do not consider the meaning of the words you use; but to my mind they imply a want of principle. It is like the '*Si possis recte*' of Horace."

"I don't know what that may be, sir," said Mr. Bidmore, with a puzzled look.

"The poet, or satirist, was speaking of those who insist upon the necessity of getting money—'*Virtus post nummos*,' and so on," Mr. Hale continued, in a more lively tone; "'*rem*,' they say, '*rem si possis recte; si non, quocunque modo rem*'—that is, 'get money; honestly, if you can, but get it'—'by hook or by crook,' as you would say—by fair means or foul, though you don't mean it in that sense. Hooks were used by thieves to snatch things from stalls exposed in the streets, whence perhaps the expression 'to hook it' applied to a person who suddenly decamps with what does not belong to him. The crook, on the other hand, is the pastoral staff of a bishop."

"Thank you, sir; I am much obliged to you for the explanation; I will avoid using such a term in future; I had no idea of its meaning. I only wished to assure you that the money you are so kind as to lend me shall be repaid."

"I hope it will be. I trust it will be the means of establishing you as a partner in your office, and that Price and Bidmore will be successful in business. As an auctioneer and broker, you will have many opportunities of doing good, softening the asperities of your sometimes unpleasant duties, and mediating between creditor and debtor. From what I have already seen of you, I believe you will act with humanity towards those who are in distress, and charitable also in your private habits, devoting a certain part of your income, whether large or small, to pious uses."

"Yes, sir; as soon as I have anything to spare."

"You will be able to spare something from the beginning, if ever so little."

"Yes, sir; but one must pay one's debts first; one must be just before being generous."

"Generosity in its wider meaning may always be practised. By denying yourself you will find means to help others without doing injustice to any one. One may give away more than one ought, of course; that would be wrong. All extravagance is bad, though I never yet heard of any one being ruined or brought to want by excess of charity. No, no, no!" He said it thoughtfully, as if speaking to himself. "No," he repeated; "I never heard of such a case; I don't think it could happen. There are too many promises—too many promises."

He was thinking of the frequent assurances to be found in Holy Scripture of the happiness and prosperity which shall be the lot of those who give to others freely. "The liberal soul shall be made fat;" "Give, and it shall be given unto you;" "He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord: and look, what he layeth out, it shall be paid him again." These and similar

texts had been the guide of his life, and he had learnt to depend upon them and to practise them—not always wisely, but too well. Still, he had done it with a pure heart, and in simple faith. "No," he repeated; "no, there are too many promises."

The young man, who had no idea of what was passing in his mind, answered, with some confusion, "I won't promise anything, sir, if you don't wish it."

"I will leave it to your honour to repay me as soon as you can reasonably manage it. I will let you have three hundred pounds in the course of a few days; I cannot draw a cheque for it just now."

Mr. Hale glanced at his banker's book disconsolately as he said this; it was lying on the table, having been recently consulted, with no very cheering results.

"Thank you, sir, thank you," Mr. Bidmore exclaimed.

"Thank you, Mr. Hale," said his mother; "I knew you would do it; I knew you would keep your promise which you made so faithful."

Mr. Hale took no notice of her, but rang the bell; and Mrs. Thistledown was ready at the first hint to show her the door.

"I hope I have done right," Mr. Hale said to himself when they were gone. "I could not refuse the money under the circumstances; but I must be more careful; I must, I must indeed."

There was a little room opening out of his office to which the good man often retired, shutting to the door, when he was in any doubt or trouble. It had a window facing towards the east, and overlooking a very pleasant garden with grass and shrubs and trees. There, unseen by any human eye, he would take counsel; sometimes while his clients waited for him, little thinking how he was engaged, or upon what sacred inspiration or guidance the answer to their petition might depend. Mr. Hale betook himself to that retirement after Mrs. Bidmore and her son had left him, and remained there a long while. Mrs. Thistledown came to look for him, but she knew better than to intrude upon him there. He had, indeed, much cause for anxiety. That very day he had received

a long statement of liabilities incurred and expenditure required in the enlargement of St. Gabriel's Hospital, for which he was treasurer. He had begun this work in faith; but, from one cause or other, subscriptions had not been so readily forthcoming as he had anticipated. He had suffered it to go on because it was much needed, and he still hoped that funds would be raised. Already he had expended largely from his own capital, and now he must either cause the work to be suspended, or assume still greater responsibilities. He was not a rich man, and could not dispense so freely to others without straitening himself. Under these circumstances this loan, or gift, of £300 to Andrew Bidmore must add to his embarrassment. What course should he pursue? Should he go on in faith, still trusting that the money would be found for the new wing of the hospital, with the risk of having to pay for it himself? Or should he give orders for the building to be stopped, leaving the bare walls and the empty carcass standing, a blemish and reproach to the neighbourhood? Should it be said by the passers-by, "This man began to build, and was not able to finish it"? For himself personally it would not have mattered much, but it was known that "this man" had begun to build in faith, and Faith would share the reproach of such a failure. No; he could not stop the work abruptly while he had means of his own to pay for it; he must go on as he had begun, trusting, believing, confident that all would be brought to a good and prosperous end.

But before coming to this resolve he spread out the St. Gabriel's letter and the builder's estimate in his little council-chamber, following the example of good King Hezekiah when he was in perplexity from another cause, and waited on his knees for heavenly guidance.

When he returned to his office he was pale, but calm and cheerful. He had resolved what to do, and, going to his iron chest again, took out a parcel of securities, and, sealing them up carefully in an envelope, wrote his own name and address upon the outside for safety, and, placing it in his breast-pocket, left the house.

### Freight for Heaven.

WHEN I have sojourned here awhile,  
And cross the dark mysterious main,  
Forsaking this familiar isle,  
Ne'er to behold its shores again,

What choicest portion may I keep  
Of all that I have garnered here?  
Or what shall follow o'er the deep  
My wistful heart anew to cheer?

The spirit-bark of subtle frame  
Will bear no weight of worldly store;  
To pleasure, fortune, rank, and fame,  
I bid adieu for evermore.

Only the wealth within the soul,  
Which heavenly grace has fashioned fair,  
May breast the solemn surges' roll  
To make me known and welcome there;

And deeds in faithful patience wrought,  
And left behind when I depart,  
Shall in full season all be brought  
To that pure land to glad my heart.

Then let me not my spirit spend  
In toil for toys that will not stay;  
But win rewards that shall not end  
When Time and Change have passed away.

It is customary on Twelfth Night, in the northern districts of France and Belgium, to reserve for the poor a portion of the Twelfth Cake—there called the King's Cake, in reference to the Magi, whose offering it is supposed to symbolise. This is known as "God's Portion."



# TWELFTH NIGHT.

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## JENNER AND HIS SUCCESSORS

BY SIR J. RISDON BENNETT, M.D., LL.D., F.R.S.

NO department of medical science has made greater advances in modern times than that which is termed "Preventive Medicine." Nor is there any in which the public at large is more deeply interested, and the knowledge of which it is of more importance should be diffused as widely as possible. The devoted and zealous service rendered by the medical profession in all questions relating to the maintenance of health and the prevention of disease is a sufficient answer, if any be needed, to the ignorant and prejudiced statements that are sometimes made, that in support of various scientific theories and proceedings medical men are actuated by interested and selfish motives. No name stands, or will ever stand, out more brilliant among the benefactors of mankind than that of Edward Jenner, by whose genius and labours untold multitudes of human lives have been saved, and an incalculable amount of human suffering and misery prevented. At the present time various circumstances, both social and scientific, have combined to recall attention to this illustrious man and his remarkable scientific and beneficial labours. It is not, however, our intention on the present occasion to give either a complete sketch of his life, or a detailed account of his work. But in order to show the connection between his discoveries and more recent advances in the same field of scientific investigation, it will be necessary to give a brief *résumé* of Jenner's life-work, and the benefits which he conferred on the human race throughout the world.

He was born on the 17th May, 1749, at Berkeley, in Gloucestershire, of which place his father was the vicar. On leaving Dr. Washbourn's school, at Cirencester, he was apprenticed to Mr. Ludlow, a gentleman in practice as a surgeon at Sudbury, near Bristol. On the completion of his apprenticeship he came to London, and had the great good fortune to be placed under the care of the celebrated John Hunter, with whom he resided for two years. The observing powers and taste for natural history which Jenner had early shown, as a boy, were quickened and fostered by the daily example and friendship of the illustrious man who, as surgeon and lecturer at St. George's Hospital, was carrying on those laborious scientific investigations, and building up that marvellous monument of his genius, which have rendered his name and fame immortal. So much skill and knowledge had been shown by Jenner in arranging the natural history collection of Sir J. Banks, to whom he had been recommended by Hunter, that he was offered the appointment of naturalist to Captain Cook's second expedition. He, however, declined this and other flattering proposals, in order to return to the rural scenes of his boyhood, and be near an elder brother who had been the guide of his orphanhood. He rapidly acquired

an extensive business as a general practitioner, whilst his polished manners, wide culture, and kind and genial social qualifications, secured him welcome admission to the first society of his neighbourhood. His conscientious devotion to his professional duties did not, however, quell his enthusiastic love of natural history, or preclude him from gaining a distinguished reputation as a naturalist. A remarkable paper on the cuckoo, read before the Royal Society and printed in the *Transactions*, gained him the Fellowship of that illustrious body. Jenner's paper established what has been properly termed the "parasitic" character of the cuckoo, *i.e.*, it deposits its eggs in the nests of other birds, by whose warmth they are hatched, and by whom the young are fed. His observations have received general confirmation by subsequent observers, more especially the remarkable facts that the parent cuckoo selects the nests of those birds whose eggs require the same period of time for their incubation as its own (which are much larger), and the food of whose young is the same, *viz.*, insects, which the young cuckoo ultimately monopolises by ousting the young of the rightful owner of the nest.

By this and similar studies was Jenner preparing his acute powers of investigation for the great purpose of his life. For this he secured more time and more extended opportunities for inquiry by abandoning general practice, and confining himself to medicine proper, having obtained, in 1792, the degree of M.D. from the University of St. Andrew's. In conjunction with the "dear man," as he used to call his great master, John Hunter, he carried on his experiments illustrative of the structure and functions of animals. With great industry and ingenuity he explained some of the unaccountable problems in ornithology; he ascertained the laws which regulate the migration of birds; made considerable advances in geology and in our knowledge of organic remains; he amended various pharmaceutical processes; he was an accurate anatomist and pathologist, and investigated and explained one of the most painful affections of the heart, and many of the diseases to which animals are liable. By such labours he established a just claim to distinction as a medical philosopher, apart from his claims to the gratitude and admiration of mankind by his self-denying and devoted labours in connection with his great discovery; but like other great men absorbed in the establishing of important truths, he was regardless of personal objects, and never ostentatiously promulgated his claims to public distinction.

It was whilst still a youth, living with his master at Sudbury, that his mind first became deeply impressed on the subject of the cow-pox. A young countrywoman came to seek advice, when



the subject of small-pox was incidentally mentioned in her presence, and she immediately observed, "I cannot take that disease, for I have had cow-pox." This was a popular notion prevalent in the district, and not unknown to Jenner, but from this time he never ceased to think on the subject. On coming to London he mentioned it to several persons, and among others to Hunter; but all thought his notion of getting rid of small-pox Utopian, and gave him little or no encouragement. Hunter, however, who never liked to daunt the enthusiasm of inquirers, said, in his characteristic way, "Don't *think*, but *try*; be patient, be accurate." About the year 1775, some time after his return to the country, he first had the opportunity of examining into the truth of the common traditions regarding cow-pox, but it was not till 1780, after much study and careful inquiry, that he was able to unravel the various obscurities and contradictions with which the subject was involved, and in that year he first disclosed his hopes and his fears to his friend, Edward Gardner. His mind seems then to have caught a glimpse of the reputation awaiting him, and he felt that, in God's good providence, it "might be his lot to stand between the living and the dead, and that through him a great plague might be stayed."

It would be impossible, in the brief space at our disposal, to recount the various difficulties and sources of error that Jenner encountered. It may, however, be mentioned that he ascertained that there was more than one form of local disease with which cows are afflicted, and which may give rise to sores on the hands of milkmaids, but that one only of these was the true cow-pox, giving origin to constitutional as well as local disease, and which proves protective against small-pox. He also found reason to believe that it was only in a particular stage of its development that the true cow-pox vesicle was capable of being transmitted so as to prove a prophylactic. He was aware that though, as a rule, persons did not have small-pox a second time, yet that there are instances where, from peculiarity of constitution or other causes, small-pox occurs a second time in the same individual. Such considerations as these cheered him to continue his inquiries when apparent exceptions occurred to the protective influence of true cow-pox.

Having at length fully satisfied his own mind, and, indeed, succeeded in convincing others also, respecting the important protective influence exerted on the constitutions of those who had received the true cow-pox in the casual way, he sought to prove whether it was possible to propagate the disease by inoculation from one human being to another. On the 19th May, 1796, an opportunity occurred of making the experiment. Matter was taken from the hand of Sarah Nelmes, who had been infected by her master's cows, and inserted into the arm of James Phipps, a healthy boy of eight years old. He went through the disease in a regular and perfectly satisfactory way. But was he secure against the contagion of small-pox? It is needless to say how full of anxiety Jenner was, when in July following he put this to

the test by inoculating the boy with matter taken from the pustule of a small-pox patient. No disease followed! This, his first crucial experiment, Jenner related to his friend Gardner, and said, "I shall now pursue my experiments with redoubled ardour." This ever-to-be-remembered day, 14th May, 1796, is commemorated by an annual festival in Berlin, where, in 1819, little more than twenty years after, it was officially reported that 307,596 persons had been vaccinated in the Prussian dominions alone. The account which Jenner has given of his own feelings at this time is deeply interesting. "While the vaccine discovery was progressing," he says, "the joy I felt at the prospect before me of being the instrument destined to take away from the world one of its greatest calamities, blended with the fond hope of enjoying independence and domestic peace and happiness, was often so excessive that in pursuing my favourite subject among the meadows I have sometimes found myself in a kind of reverie. It is pleasant to me to recollect that these reflections always ended in devout acknowledgments to that Being from whom this and all other mercies flow." Having obtained further corroboration of the truth of his conclusions by the vaccination of his own son and several others, he published, in the form of a quarto pamphlet, called "An Inquiry," a brief and modest but complete account of his investigations and discoveries. By this the attention of the whole medical world and general public was called to the subject. His doctrines were put to the test and abundantly confirmed, so that Mr. Clive, the celebrated surgeon of the day, urged him to come to London, and promised him an income of £10,000 a year. Jenner, however, declined the request, saying, "Admitting as a certainty that I obtain both fortune and fame, what stock should I add to my little fund of happiness? And as for fame, what is it? A gilded butt for ever pierced by the arrows of malignancy."

Jenner always maintained that small-pox and cow-pox were modifications of the same disease, and that in employing vaccine lymph we only make use of means to impregnate the system with the disease in its mildest form, instead of propagating it in its virulent and contagious form, as is done when small-pox is inoculated. He felt, also, that there was this objection to the latter practice, which had obtained prevalence since its introduction to this country by Lady Mary Wortley Montague, that the disease was thus spread among the community. He had, however, at that time to contend against the prevalent notions that epidemic diseases affecting the human race are peculiar to man and have no influence on the lower animals, and that the diseases of other animals are not communicable to man. But we have now abundant evidence that both these notions are erroneous. Jenner himself, indeed, had shown what was well known in various parts of the country, that the "grease" of the heel of the horse was frequently communicated to those who had the care of horses, whether or not it was the same disease as that which affected the cow. It is sufficient only further to adduce another disease of horses, called "farcy," which is not infrequently fatal to grooms

and others, not to mention the still more dreaded hydrophobia communicated by dogs and animals of the feline species.

The rapid acceptance and spread of Jenner's doctrines speedily silenced all cavillers except that small minority of incredulous and fanatical opponents who are always to be found refusing to accept any truth that does not coincide with their own ignorant and prejudiced views. The frightful mortality and appalling effects of small-pox prior to the introduction of vaccination were indeed such as to impel men to grasp at any means that held out a probability of escape from the scourge. In the present day the public can form but a faint idea of the ravages of small-pox before Jenner's time. The records of historians, not only of our own country, but throughout the world, teem with the most appalling accounts. Dr. Lettsom calculated that 210,000 fell victims to it annually in Europe. Bernouilli, an Italian, believed that not less than 15,000,000 of human victims were deprived of life by it every twenty-five years, *i.e.*, 600,000 annually. In Russia 2,000,000 were cut off in one year. In Asia, Africa, and South America, whole cities and districts were depopulated. Nor was it only the actual mortality which rendered it so appalling. The records of the Institution for the Indigent Blind in our own country showed that three-fourths of the objects relieved had lost their sight by small-pox, whilst the number of persons with pitted and scarred faces and deformed features that were met with in the streets testified to the frightful ordeal that they had passed through. Multitudes died of diseases set up by this plague, or from ruined constitutions which it entailed. And what, of all this, it may be asked, do we now see? Is it not a rare thing to meet a person whose face is scarred and his features deformed by small-pox? How few persons can cite instances among their acquaintance of those who have died of small-pox after having been properly vaccinated? Is it necessary to go into statistics and elaborate investigations of the bills of mortality of the present day in order to be convinced that, as compared with the records of anti-vaccine times, we have indeed cause to bless the memory of Jenner?

But to our shame be it said, until very recently, in our own country, the country of which, in the estimation of others, it is one of its greatest glories that it gave birth to Jenner, less has been done than in many other lands to make vaccination the means of exterminating small-pox. Vaccination was introduced into Vienna by Dr. De Carro in 1799, with such effect that in the year 1804 only two persons died of small-pox in that city, and these were imported cases. In the year 1812 it is stated, that though the mortality from small-pox was formerly greater, in proportion to the population, in Vienna and Milan than in London, it had become unknown in the two former cities for several years. Vienna had been free for five years, and Milan for eight. In 1824 Dr. Sacco reported that vaccination was carried on very extensively throughout the kingdom of Austria, and that "almost all the new-born children are vaccinated, so that we have now no fear of the

small-pox. It is occasionally imported from the neighbouring States, but such occurrences never fail to prove the efficacy of the preservative, for the disease never becomes epidemic. If all Governments would exert themselves to procure the regular vaccination of all the children born in their States, small-pox would soon disappear." This last opinion has quite recently been enunciated and enforced with his usual persuasive eloquence by our own Sir Thomas Watson in the "Nineteenth Century."

Similar evidence to the above might be adduced from Sweden, Norway, and Germany. But our own country affords equally striking though more restricted evidence. The general alarm excited by the epidemic of small-pox of 1874-6 led to increased attention to vaccination, with the result, as shown by the Registrar-General's Reports, of the almost complete extinction of the disease in nineteen great towns, having an aggregate population of about three and three-quarter millions, or about that of the metropolis. In London the extent and nature of the population render it much more difficult to carry out any system of complete and efficient vaccination. The facilities for importation are also greater than in most places. We are therefore more exposed to frequent outbreaks, and have less control over both the evil and the antidote.

We do not ignore the fact that small-pox, like other similar diseases having an epidemic character, may be absent for a length of time from certain districts and then break out again; nor that each epidemic has its periods of increment and decrement, and varies in its degree of malignancy. But a full and careful review of the whole history of small-pox since the introduction of vaccination, proves to every unprejudiced mind that every recurring epidemic finds its victims, with comparatively few exceptions, among the unvaccinated, that its spread is arrested by renewed attention to vaccination and its rigorous enforcement, and that, even taking into account the countries and localities where from various causes it has been neglected, the mortality from this foul and fatal disease, small-pox, has been enormously reduced. Human lives have been saved, and human life prolonged to such an extent that it is impossible to estimate the benefits that mankind has derived from the genius and devoted patriotic labours of one man.

That doubts and difficulties in connection with this subject, involving the well-being of the whole human race, have lately arisen, must be admitted. But there is good reason to believe that, by modern researches on the subject of epidemic diseases and the germ theory of disease, these doubts are already being dispelled, and that the difficulties will be speedily obviated.

The grounds for this belief will be understood by the consideration of those scientific investigations, to a brief detail of which we now proceed. The reader will then also be better able to judge of the propriety and necessity of certain measures which, to the uninformed, may appear objectionable or even repulsive and arbitrary.

We now, then, turn to the remarkable

EXPERIMENTS AND DISCOVERIES OF M. PASTEUR, which have gained for him a world-wide reputation, and the bearing of which on the science of preventive medicine is commanding the attention and admiration of the whole scientific world, and indeed we may say of mankind at large. M. Pasteur is not a medical man, nor, indeed, a physiologist. He is simply a French chemist, a modest, retiring labourer in the field of science, whose sole object has been the discovery of truth, and whose chemico-physical researches gained for him the Rumford Medal of the Royal Society in 1856. Having devoted himself specially to the chemistry of organic substances, he was naturally attracted by the discovery of Cagniard de la Tour, that yeast is really a plant, a species of fungus, whose vegetative action in fermentable liquids is the true cause of their fermentation. This was so opposed to the theories of all the chemists of the day, among whom may particularly be mentioned the celebrated Liebig, that it met with their warm opposition. When, however, Helmholtz and others succeeded in showing that by preventing the passage of the minute organisms constituting the yeast plant into fermentable liquids, no fermentation took place, the doctrine soon became established, that the first step in the process of alcoholic fermentation is due, not to ordinary chemical changes, but to the presence of living organisms. In like manner the putrefaction and decomposition of various liquids containing organic matter was found to be due, not to the simple action of the oxygen of the atmosphere, but to the introduction from without of microscopic germs which found material for their development in such liquids. So that if by mechanical filtration of the air the entrance of such germs can be prevented, or if by heat or other means they can be destroyed, any fluid, however readily it may undergo putrefaction in ordinary circumstances, will remain perfectly sweet, though freely exposed to the air. And the same fluid will undergo a different kind of fermentation according as it is subjected to the action of different species of germs. These and other facts of scarcely less importance, which cannot here be detailed, induced Pasteur to test the application of the doctrines deduced from them to the study of disease in living animals.

His attention was first directed to the disease affecting the silkworm, and known as the *Pebrine*, which at one time seemed likely to destroy the silk cultivation both in France and Italy. It had been ascertained that the bodies of the silkworm, in all its stages of crystalis, moth, and worm, were, in this disease, infested by minute corpuscles which even obtained entrance into the undeveloped eggs. After a prolonged and difficult inquiry, Pasteur found that these minute corpuscles were really independent self-propagating organisms, introduced from without, and were not merely a sign of the disease, but its real cause. As a result of the application of these discoveries, the silkworm disease has been extinguished, or so controlled as to have saved a most important and valuable culture.

Between the years 1867 and 1870 above 56,000 deaths from a disease variously designated as

"anthrax," or "carbuncular disease," and "splenic fever," and in France known by the terms "charbon," or "pustule maligne," are stated to have occurred among horses, cattle, and sheep in one district of Russia, Novgorod, occasioning also the deaths of 528 among the human population. It occurs in two forms, one more malignant and rapid in its action than the other. In France the disease appears to be scarcely ever absent, and is estimated to entail on the breeders of cattle an annual loss of many millions of francs. As a milder epidemic it has prevailed in this country, and the disease which has lately broken out in Bradford and some other towns in the north among wool-sorters, has now been shown to be a modification of the same disease communicated by the wool of sheep that have been infected.

On examining the blood of animals, the subjects of "splenic fever," some French pathologists had discovered the presence of certain minute transparent filaments which, by the investigations of a German physician named Koch, were proved to be a fungoid plant developed from germ particles of microscopic minuteness. By gradual extension these minute particles, termed "microbes," attain the form of small threads or rods, to which the name of "bacilli" has been given, from the Latin *bacillus*, a rod or staff. These rods were found to be in fact hollow tubes, divided at intervals by partitions, which, on attaining full growth, break up into fragments, the interiors of which are found to be full of minute germs similar to those from which the rods were at first developed. These germs were found by Koch and his collaborateurs to be capable of cultivation by being immersed in some suitable organic liquid, kept at a proper temperature, and the supply could be kept up by introducing even a few drops of such impregnated fluids into other fluids, and repeating the process again and again. The next step to test the potency of these germs to generate the disease in animals whence they were originally obtained, was to vaccinate animals with a few drops of the fluid thus artificially infected. Accordingly it was found that the bodies of guinea-pigs, rabbits, and mice thus inoculated became infected, and developed all the characteristic symptoms of splenic fever or carbuncular disease.

Pasteur, whose enthusiasm in the pursuit of investigations which had already been crowned with such signal success kept him awake to all that was being done by other inquirers, and made him watchful of every event that transpired relative to epidemic diseases of cattle, was struck with the fact that some of the most fatal outbreaks of "charbon" among flocks of sheep occurred in the midst of apparently the most healthy pastures. His sagacity led him to inquire what had been done with the carcasses of animals that had died from previous outbreaks of the disease in these localities, when he found that they had been buried in the soil, and often at great depths, of the same pastures. But how could the disease germs make their way to the surface from a depth of eight or ten feet? Earthworms, he guessed, might have conveyed them. And notwithstanding the incredulity with which this explanation was



received, he forthwith proceeded to verify his supposition. Having collected a number of worms from the ground of the pastures in question, he made an extract of the contents of the alimentary canal of the worms, and with this he inoculated rabbits and guinea-pigs, gave them the "charbon" in its most fatal form, and proved the identity of the malady by demonstrating that the blood of the victims swarmed with the deadly "bacillus." And here we cannot but stop to notice the remarkable confirmation that is thus given to the recent wonderful and beautiful observations of Darwin as set forth in his last work on "The Formation of Vegetable Mould through the Action of Worms." Darwin has shown beyond all dispute, as the result of his incomparable researches, that though "the plough is one of the most ancient and most valuable of man's inventions, long before he existed the land was in fact regularly ploughed, and still continues to be ploughed, by earthworms." He has shown us that the smoothness which we admire in a wide, turf-covered expanse "is mainly due to all the inequalities having been slowly levelled by worms," and that "the whole of the superficial mould over any such expanse has passed, and will pass again, every few years, through the bodies of worms!" It was left for Pasteur to show that these innumerable and indefatigable ploughmen, whilst rendering to man such efficient service, may also be the carriers of the seeds of disease and death.

In proceeding with our brief historical account of Pasteur's and allied researches, we are arrived at the point where their analogy to Jenner's becomes manifest, and where their direct bearing on the welfare of mankind comes into view. So soon as it was known that these disease germs were low forms of vegetation, and that, like other vegetables, they could be cultivated, it was natural to ask whether, like other vegetables, their characters and properties could not be so modified as to render them at least less deleterious. Every one knows the difference between the crab-apple and its cultivated variety, the sloe and the plum, the wild and the cultivated celery. It is all the difference between unwholesome and wholesome food.

Two methods of cultivation, with a view to obtaining the desired modification of the power exercised by the bacilli and other similar germs, presented themselves, the one analogous to that really pursued by Jenner, where small-pox, or the grease of the horse, was passed through the system of the cow, and then from one human being to another; and the second by carrying on the cultivation out of the living body. Both these plans have been adopted, with the result of proving that the potency of the germs can be so diminished as to render the disease produced by their introduction so mild as to be of no importance. Pasteur cultivated the bacillus in chicken-broth or meat-juice, and allowed a certain time to elapse before he made use of the mixture. After allowing only two months to elapse, the virulence of the germs seemed to be but little impaired, but after three or four months animals inoculated with the fluid, though they took the disease, had it in

so mild a form that the greater number recovered. After a longer period, of six or eight months, the engendered disease was so mild that all the animals speedily recovered and regained health and strength.

And now the question will naturally arise, Did animals which had passed through the mild disease thus induced acquire a protection against the original disease, if brought in contact with it in subsequent epidemics, in the same way that Jenner's vaccinated patients were protected against small-pox?

An answer in the affirmative may now be given with the utmost confidence. Experiments conducted, both in this country and abroad, by both methods of procedure, have abundantly proved that animals may be protected by inoculation so as to render them insusceptible of any form of the destructive anthrax disease. The most decisive set of experiments are those which were recently noticed in the "Times," and which were again detailed by Pasteur himself before the International Medical Congress, in a paper which the Government of this country has felt to be of sufficient national importance to republish as a Parliamentary paper.

From this remarkable paper we extract the concluding paragraph. After detailing the method pursued to obtain the requisite attenuation of the virus, and stating that by certain physiological artifices it may be made again to assume its original virulence, he proceeds: "The method I have just explained, of obtaining the vaccine of splenic fever, was no sooner made known than it was very extensively employed to prevent the splenic affection. In France we lose every year by splenic fever animals to the value of 20,000,000 francs, and even, according to one of the persons in the office of the Minister of Agriculture, of more than 30,000,000 francs, but exact statistics are still wanting. I was asked to give a public demonstration at Pouilly-le-Fort, near Melun, of the results already mentioned. This experiment I may relate in a few words. Fifty sheep were placed at my disposition, of which twenty-five were vaccinated, and the remaining twenty-five underwent no treatment. A fortnight afterwards the fifty sheep were inoculated with the most virulent anthracoid microbe (or germ). The twenty-five vaccinated sheep resisted the infection, the twenty-five unvaccinated died of splenic fever within fifty hours.

"Since that time the capabilities of my laboratory have been inadequate to meet the demands of farmers for supplies of this vaccine. In the space of fifteen days we have vaccinated, in the departments surrounding Paris, more than 20,000 sheep, and a large number of cattle and horses. This experiment was repeated last month at the Ferme de Lambert, near Chartres. It deserves special mention.

"The very virulent inoculation practised at Pouilly-le-Fort, in order to prove the immunity produced by vaccination, had been effected by the aid of anthracoid germs deposited in a culture which had been preserved in my laboratory more than four years, that is to say, from the 21st March,



1877. There was assuredly no doubt about its virulence, since in fifty hours it killed twenty-five sheep out of twenty-five. Nevertheless, a commission of doctors, surgeons, and veterinary-surgeons, of Chartres, prejudiced with the idea that virus obtained from infectious blood must have a virulence capable of defying the action of what I call cultures of virus, instituted a comparison of the effects upon vaccinated sheep and upon unvaccinated sheep of inoculation with the blood of an animal which had died of splenic fever. The result was identical with that obtained at Pouilly-le-Fort—absolute resistance of the vaccinated and deaths of the unvaccinated. If I were not pressed for time I should bring to your notice other kinds of virus attenuated by similar means. These experiments will be communicated by-and-by to the public."

The bearing of these researches of Pasteur on vaccination with cow-pox, and the whole of the Jennerian doctrines, will be evident. They throw a flood of light both on the efficacy of vaccination and the many supposed failures which have given a handle to the unscrupulous fanatical detractors of Jenner and his doctrines. They go far towards establishing the correctness of the view entertained by Jenner as to the identity of small-pox and cow-pox, showing how great may be the modifications effected in the original virus by repeated transmission, either through the animal or the human system.

Various attempts have been made to test the view entertained by Jenner, but the experiments instituted by Mr. Badcock, a surgeon of Brighton, are conclusive in favour of the identity. This gentleman having contracted small-pox notwithstanding that he had been vaccinated in childhood, was led to suspect that the protective power of vaccination might have suffered diminution. He therefore inoculated cows with the virus of small-pox, and from this inoculation obtained vesicles which could not be distinguished from those of genuine vaccinia. From these vesicles lymph was obtained, which, being introduced by inoculation into the arms of children, gave rise to true vaccine vesicles. These children, exposed to the contagion of small-pox, were proved to have acquired complete protection. Lymph obtained from this new source has since been widely distributed through the country, and with it many thousand persons have been vaccinated, both by Mr. Badcock and more than 4,000 medical practitioners. Nor are these the only experiments which have led to the same conclusion. Similar experiments were instituted, and with like results, by a Russian physician named Thiele, who may even be said to have forestalled Pasteur in the principle of "cultivation," although he only spoke of "dilution" when he affirmed that he had succeeded in procuring an artificial vaccine by merely diluting small-pox virus in warm milk. The scientific interest of this question is, however, so great that the matter will certainly receive further investigation.

But apart from the question of identity or diversity of small-pox and vaccinia, Pasteur's researches prove beyond all question that a disease

virus may be both diminished and augmented in power by physiological devices, and that therefore the efficacy of the vaccine lymph may, in various ways, be so diminished as to lose its protective power, without shaking our faith in the principle of vaccination or detracting in the least from the inestimable value of Jenner's discovery. The attention of the scientific world will now be, and is, directed to the important inquiry, How far has the original vaccinia of Jenner lost its protective power? if so, how has this been brought about, and by what means can it be restored? Must we again revert to the cow for a new supply? Need we only be more scrupulous in the selection of the vesicles, and the particular stage of their development, and in the mode in which the operation of vaccination is performed? These and numerous other similar questions are now being discussed and investigated, but none probably is more important than the question how far the protective influence in each individual is dissipated by time, and hence the principle of re-vaccination is now being enforced. There can be no doubt that different epidemics possess different degrees of virulence, and what proves a sufficient protection in a mild epidemic of small-pox may not be sufficient in a more virulent one. In certain seasons and in certain conditions of the atmosphere, the human system is more prone to certain diseases than at other times. Pasteur's experiments on cultivated virus or germs show that in the course of time, and in certain conditions of exposure to the action of oxygen or other agents, the vitality, or constitution, so to speak, of the germs may be so changed as materially to alter their action on the animal system. We have, therefore, scientific grounds for reverting from time to time to the heifer for a new stock, rather than continuing to rely on the perpetual transmission from one human body to another.

This is not the place to enter on the whole question of the germ theory of disease, but who does not see how wide is the field for investigation opened up by Pasteur and others? Already the application of the principle of vaccination has been successfully applied by Pasteur to a very fatal epidemic disease attacking fowls, and known by the name of "chicken cholera." By inoculating chickens with the cultivated variety of the particular "bacillus" he has afforded to them complete protection. The economic value of this to France may in some measure be estimated by the many millions of eggs which are exported from France to this country alone. How many other diseases, such as scarlatina and diphtheria, which now carry off annually thousands of children, may not ere long be extinguished by like means who shall say? "I venture," states Mr. Simon, in his address to the Health Section of the International Congress, "to say that in the records of human industry it would be impossible to point to work of more promise to the world than these various contributions to the knowledge of disease and of its cure and prevention, and they are contributions which, from the nature of the case, have come, and could only have come, from the performance of experiments on living animals."

Compulsory vaccination is no doubt a strong measure, and one which might, in this land of individual liberty, be expected to give rise both to question and opposition. It can only be justified by proving that it is to the interest of the individual as well as of the whole community that it should be enforced. Of its propriety and necessity we believe it needs only a calm and unprejudiced inquiry to be convinced. Most of the objections raised against it are either baseless or admit of being obviated. That some of the objections are of a character that command our respect may be admitted, but mere sentiment or prejudice, and ill-founded or exaggerated objections, must give place to sound arguments and well-established

evidence. In this, as in so many similar cases, opposition and discussion open up entrances for light by which the clouds of ignorance and darkness are sure to be dispelled. But even as this whole question of vaccination now stands, the responsibility of those who are persistently misrepresenting facts and misleading the public is great, nay criminal, when we reflect how many lives are sacrificed by the neglect of precautionary means within the reach of all.

[For much of the information on the subject of this paper the writer is indebted to "Baron's Life of Jenner," Carpenter's article in the "Nineteenth Century," and Pasteur's writings.]

### SERVICES RENDERED BY EARTHWORMS.

GILBERT WHITE, of Selborne, whose watchful observation reached to the minutest matters of natural history, devoted one of his "Letters" to Earthworms and their use in the economy of nature. "Earthworms," he says, "though in appearance a small and despicable link in the chain of nature, yet, if lost, would make a lamentable chasm. For, to say nothing of half the birds, and some quadrupeds which are almost entirely supported by them, worms seem to be the great promoters of vegetation, which would proceed but lamely without them, by boring, perforating, and loosening the soil, and rendering it pervious to rains and the fibres of plants; by drawing straws and stalks of leaves and twigs into it; and most of all by throwing up such infinite numbers of lumps of earth, called worm-casts, which, being their excrement, is a fine manure for grain and grass." After referring to the detestation of worms usually shown by gardeners and farmers, and admitting the occasional annoyance caused by them, he shows that "the earth without them would soon become cold, hard-bound, and sterile."

Mr. White threw out these hints "in order to set the inquisitive and discerning to work," and adding, "A good monography of worms would afford much entertainment and information at the same time, and would open up a large and new field in natural history."

This suggestion, made by Gilbert White in 1777, has led to many observations on the subject, and we have at length a monograph such as he desired, in the form of a large volume, by no less distinguished a naturalist than Charles Darwin.

Mr. Darwin's book is the result of long study and observation. Thirty years ago he drew attention to the action of worms geologically, by their gradually covering the surface of the land with fresh soil; and he went so far as to say ("Proceedings of the Geological Society") that "every particle of earth in old pasture land has passed through the intestines of worms, and hence that in

some instances the term 'animal mould' would be more appropriate than 'vegetable mould.'"

In the "Leisure Hour" volume for 1862 an interesting paper on earthworms appeared from the pen of a careful observer and genial writer, the late Mr. C. Manby Smith. In his own garden he had often watched the proceedings of the worms, and mentions the apparent intelligence and skill which they displayed. When leaves were large they were seen to roll them into cylinders in order to be able to drag them into their holes. Mr. Darwin's book contains many wonderful details, and he gives some astounding statistics and calculations as to the number of worms and the amount of useful work done by them. These estimates illustrate the words of Gilbert White, who said, "The most insignificant insects and reptiles are of much more consequence and have much more influence in the economy of nature than the incurious are aware of; and are mighty in their effect from their minuteness, which renders them less an object of attention, and from their numbers and fecundity."

It will be curious to note the use made of Mr. Darwin's book in connection with what is called the Darwinian theory of evolution. The whole drift of this elaborate study on worms tends to show that their work is not carried on simply for their own benefit, nor is taken advantage of for their own elevation in the scale of being, but is an arrangement for the use of the more highly developed creatures, especially man. The "Spectator" has shrewdly pointed out this in an able review of Dr. Darwin's book. The result of Mr. Darwin's observations is thus summarised:—

"The effect that worms have produced in making the vegetable mould of the world can hardly be exaggerated. For ages before man appeared on the earth, the soil in which his food was to be produced was being ploughed by millions of infinitesimal ploughs, which not only crumbled the soil into much finer particles than our ploughs can crumble it, but also essentially altered its chemical

constitution, so as to make it infinitely better adapted for raising those richer products which higher organisations need."

And again, "The earthworms are the ploughs by which the surface of the globe was being prepared to yield man harvests long before either we or our harvests had been even conceived, except in the mind of that Eternal Wisdom to which the future is present, and the present contains the augury of the future. No one, we think, can read Mr. Darwin's remarkable book without being convinced that the earthworm works less for itself than for the future of the globe it inhabits, and would have been quickly superseded in the conflict

for existence by some other creature whose organisation is more economically adapted to secure solely its own nourishment and multiplication, had not the plan of the Universe included a deliberate preparation for slowly approaching but still distant ages, as well as for the immediate future."

Darwin himself is no materialist, but, like Humboldt, leaves others to draw conclusions from the facts which he puts on record. Plain, sensible people, as well as men of science who are not committed to the advocacy of materialism, will see in these researches a new illustration of the argument for Design, and a new chapter displaying "The Wisdom of God in Creation."

### REFLECTIONS OF A PARISIAN WAITER.



"GARÇON!" "Voilà!" "Garçon!" "Voilà, voilà!"

"Yes, sir—coming, sir."

And Peter, one of the garçons of a large café restaurant in Paris, ran from right to left, and hurried to serve and to please everybody.

It was very warm weather, and the poor fellow was wearied and at his wits' end. "Plague on my work here!" he said to himself: "a nice berth I have chosen to get

into! 'Twas different when I was a servant—I had but one master, or two at most; but here I have twenty, nay, a hundred, and they give their orders all at once. Ah! what pleasure it must be not to serve anybody, but to do what one likes!"

"Garçon!" "Voilà!" This time the order came from a table where three friends sat together. Peter knew them. They came every day for their déjeuner. The one was a barrister, the second a physician, and the third a journalist. The first always talked a great deal. This morning his subject corresponded with the secret thoughts of Peter; so Peter listened.

"Yes!" exclaimed he, "to be free is a general aspiration in the world; but who is quite independent? Which of us here present can dispose of his own time and his person?"

"Not I, certainly," said the doctor. "I am at the call of my patients. I am never sure of being able to pass the night in my bed."

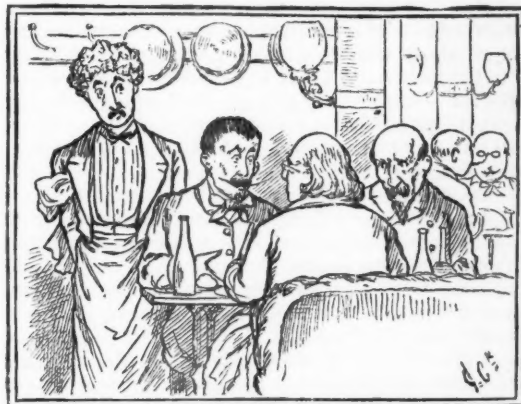
"My dear fellow," replied the lawyer, "do you think, then, that I can go to sleep every night? I

am under the orders of my clients; and my plaguing papers—when could I examine them all if I did not take the time off my sleep?"

"Ah! you come off pretty well," said the editor in his turn. "Your patients" (turning to the doctor) "leave you sometimes in peace; and you, Henry, you have not always your hands full of briefs; but as for me, there is never a moment of respite. Disposed or indisposed, well or ill, in order to supply your daily reading, I must keep at it without cessation or rest—without holiday or Sunday! It is I who may say most truly I am under orders—the orders of my readers."

"Garçon! garçon!" Peter, summoned to another table, did not hear more, but went away scratching his ear. "Hum!" thought he, "it seems that I am not the only one to complain. Certainly none of these three can be said to be free; but still there are other professions less exacting than theirs."

A loud sound of military music was heard. It



was some soldiers that were returning from a march. Peter, with his apron over the shoulder, approached one of the windows, like others, in order to see them pass.



"Poor soldiers!" thought Peter. "These are people who know that they must obey."

"Halt!" cried some one suddenly. The order had been given by the colonel, and was transmitted from company to company. One reflection arose in the mind of Peter.

"It is not merely the soldiers—the privates—that are commanded and have to obey," said he. "From the corporal up to the colonel they have all their chiefs—all are under orders! In vain they rise in rank—they are never free! A very sad career, certainly; not more to be preferred than that of lawyer, doctor, or editor."

The heat had increased, and everybody was wiping his forehead, particularly M. Bavinet, the master of the establishment, who was at his counter taking money, whilst his wife, at his side, was keeping the books.

"Terribly hot!" Peter heard him say; "it is hard to be exposed to such a temperature!"

Peter heard these words. "What!" said he to himself, "our master complains too! In fact, he is obliged to stay there all day, and has not time for relaxation! After all, the lawyer is perhaps quite right. Whether one is a servant or a master, employed or employer, doctor or editor—no matter what—every one has his task, and carries his load. From the cradle to the tomb people dream of being free, and never arrive at it. When I was little I used to say, 'Ah! when I am tall I shall do what I like.' I wish I was free now. My hair is getting grey, and I cannot now do what I like. And it is just so with all. Young girls think only of going to be married. It seems to them that when once they have the ring on the finger they will be free. Poor things! More than one, after being married, has said, 'Ah! had I but remained single!' Bah! it is with women as it is with girls, with married men as it is with bachelors. Since it is so, Peter, my friend, console yourself on being a garçon at a café restaurant;" and Peter began to trot about from right to left, here, there, and everywhere, in a better mood.

But his zeal was soon slackened. He was serving two old gentlemen, when he received, as it were, an electric shock on hearing the one say to the other, "'No money, no Swiss,' says the proverb—that is to say, sir, that without money one is always his own Swiss—always in service, in one way or another. Without money, no independence is possible."

Peter rubbed his forehead, talking to himself: "No, poor Peter! I don't know anybody more foolish than you. You did not know that then. It is quite true though. Ah! the people who do what they like are annuitants or rentiers, living on the interest of their money. A good trade it is to be a rentier!"

Dejected Peter went about pondering this thought, and finding in it nothing but sorrow, for what chance had he of ever being a rentier?

Alas, poor Peter! there is danger in pondering and dreaming when one goes about a crowded room and holding a loaded tray at the end of one's fingers! Given up to thought, he came bump against one of his comrades coming from

a contrary direction, and laden like himself. All at once dishes, glasses, and decanters were upset, tumbled down and broken in pieces with heavy crash!



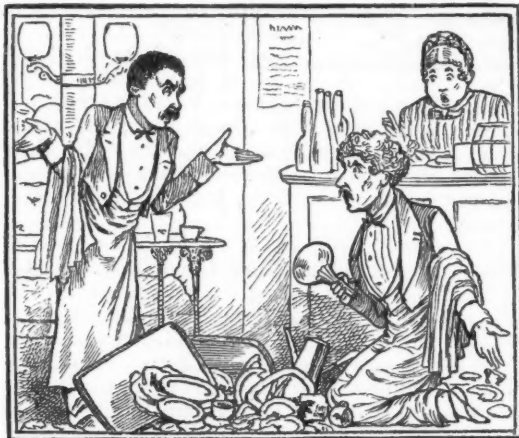
"Stupid!" said the other garçon to Peter, when stooping to pick up some of the pieces; "could you not see before you?"

"Stupid yourself!" answered Peter, enraged, and also stooping; "could you not get out of my way?"

"Then it is my fault, you say?"

"And why mine more than yours?" and so saying, Peter, who was rising and holding in his hand a sound decanter, struck the floor with it to give emphasis to his angry words, broke the unfortunate piece, and so completed the disaster.

"For shame, Peter!" said Madame Bavinet, whom the noise had attracted. "What is the



matter then? I thought you knew better! What is this excitement? I thought you were more master of yourself."

Peter raised himself, looking very confused. "Master of myself!" muttered he, his mistress and his comrade being gone; "why, I have had all that in my head only this morning. Yet see! I did not think of its happening in this way. Cer-



tainly rage has overcome me. Break this decanter, indeed! As if I had not broken enough already! Ah! my temper has made me do some foolish things! Certainly it has oftener been the master of me than I of it. Well, you see, poor Peter, you must learn to command yourself; it will be a good thing, and more to your advantage, than the becoming an annuitant or rentier. Besides, why do you want to become an annuitant? To be your own master. Well, it is no use to be an annuitant if you do not command yourself; you would not enjoy yourself the more. And I know well many rich people here who have nothing to do but what pleases them, and who lose their fortune and their health because they give way to their fancy. Some drink, some gamble, some drive about, and some do nothing. And they are led by the nose for the most part. And then rich people: I have served them myself, and I know what comes of them. They have necessities and wants and cares; they must keep up appearance and finery—so much so, that in the midst of their folly they kill themselves, some of them, with their own hands. Besides, they are slaves, and plague themselves for ever. They gape and make their jaws ache; nothing pleases them because they are 'used up' and dissatisfied. Come, Peter, you gain your bread honestly; you owe nothing to anybody. Be content with your poverty, my friend, and if you are moderate in your desires, and in your anger—oh dear! oh dear! that decanter!—you will be your own master after all!"

The resolution was good; but which of us does not find his best resolutions give way under trial or temptation? The evening came, and Peter's fatigue had increased. Discouraged, he said to himself once more that he was only a booby, that he never saw but one side of things, and that he was too easily reconciled with his condition. Could he not see rich people who made a good use of their fortune, and who, being their own masters, were also masters of their own destiny?

So Peter, shaking his head as an affirmative reply to his own inquiries, cast his eyes upon the boulevards. It was the leisure time for those who could have it; some were eager for pleasure, others contented themselves with taking the air. "See," said Peter to himself, "there are many in this great crowd who, not having great fortunes, enjoy their ease, and who, by not doing foolishly, pass their time pleasantly. You, poor Peter! you are always working, slaving—morning and evening, it is all the same; but those people walking there, they do what they like, I think."

A tremendous clap of thunder was heard. The storm, which had been threatening all day, now broke forth, accompanied by a torrent of rain. It was "Sauve qui peut" everywhere, and many took refuge in the café. Some laughed, but the larger number grumbled, and exclamations of sorrow, of regret, of fear, were heard on all sides. Clothes spoiled, appointments not kept, business retarded, pleasure-parties lost, health endangered, harvests spoiled; what vexation! what disappointment!

"See how people are put out," thought Peter, "and by a circumstance that nobody can prevent!

And this is the way of things; there is always something to cross one's wishes and disarrange one's plans. One day it is the weather, to-morrow it is illness or an accident. Something unexpected and unthought of is always happening. Well, well! I said just now that there were people who did what they like; but are they the better off for that? If they have not to give way to anybody because they are rich or powerful, they must yield to disease and to the weather!"



Then, striking his forehead again, he said to himself: "Surely, poor Peter, you do not think of everything! You forgot that there is One who holds all in His hands; that there is a Will before which all others must bow. On whatever side you turn it is vain to pretend to do as you please; there are barriers and obstacles everywhere. Well! must one knock his head against the wall? Must one show defiance to the great God because everything does not go on as we like? Remember what your parents used to say, good people as they were, who did not leave you money, but good example, which you had better put into practice. Your father often said, 'We cannot direct events, but we can direct our conduct, and many events depend on it.' And your poor dear mother added to it, 'As we do not at all depend on ourselves, we must give up ourselves to God. He is wiser and knows better than we do, therefore we must desire what He wills.' I believe they were both right, and that there is no other way of being independent."

Having come to the end of this long fatiguing day, Peter went to bed more satisfied with his lot, and more disposed the next day to do his work and to find it less burdensome. And the habit of contentment grew day by day, while he led a cheerful though busy life. His obliging disposition pleased the customers, and his steady conduct gained the confidence of the master and mistress, who not long after retired, and left Peter the manager of the establishment. He had still plenty to do, but any burden is light to a happy and contented mind.

## THE LAND OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN.



THE MIDNIGHT SUN.

PAUL DU CHAILLU, who gained so much celebrity in former times as an African traveller, has reappeared before the public as a wanderer in northern latitudes. Sweden, Norway, Finland, and Lapland, he groups together, under the title of his book, as the land of the midnight sun. These regions are neither remote nor unexplored in any part, and in fact are familiar to all readers of books of travel. Even "Cook's Excursionist" announces trips to the North Cape, in order that Londoners and country folk may actually see the sun at midnight. We therefore can expect no sensational scenes in Mr. du Chaillu's new book, such as connected his name with that of the then comparatively strange Gorilla. In his Scandinavian travels he had few hairbreadth escapes or marvellous adventures, but he tells in a clear, chatty, and genial way what he saw of the places and people among whom he spent part of several years. The success of his African travels secured for him the rare advantage of having the English edition of the Scandinavian book published under the auspices of John Murray, and few books more handsome in appearance have been issued of late from Albemarle Street than the two volumes of "The Land of the Midnight Sun."

We do not wish it to be understood that the attractiveness of the work is mainly due to its illustrations and sumptuous appearance. The author's style is charming, both from its clearness and its real or affected *naïveté*. We have read with delight his narrative and his descriptions, even

when on ground with which we are familiar. From the first page there is a cheery tone, which shows that the author can be at home in any part of the world. What nationality he claims we do not know, but he is an American by residence, and he writes English as if he had been in London all his life. The opening chapter will give a fair idea of the spirit of the author as well as of the scenes of his travels.

### CHARACTERISTIC FEATURES OF THE PENINSULA OF SCANDINAVIA.

There is a beautiful country far away towards the icy North. It is a glorious land; with snowy, bold, and magnificent mountains; deep, narrow, and well-wooded valleys; bleak plateaux and slopes; wild ravines; clear and picturesque lakes; immense forests of birch, pine, and fir trees, the solitude of which seems to soothe the restless spirit of man; large and superb glaciers, unrivalled elsewhere in Europe for size; arms of the sea, called fjords, of extreme beauty, reaching far inland in the midst of grand scenery; numberless rivulets, whose crystal waters vary in shade and colour as the rays of the sun strike upon them on their journey towards the ocean, tumbling in countless cascades and rapids, filling the air with the music of their fall; rivers and streams which, in their hurried course from the heights above to the chasm below, plunge in grand waterfalls, so beautiful, white, and chaste, that the beholder never tires of looking at them; they appear like an enchanting vision before him, in the reality of which he can hardly believe. Contrasted with these are immense areas of desolate and barren land and rocks, often covered with boulders which in many places are piled here and there in thick masses, and swamps and moorlands, all so dreary that they impress the stranger with a feeling of loneliness from which he tries in vain to escape. There are also many exquisite sylvan landscapes, so quiet, so picturesque, by the sea and lakes, by the hills and the moun-

tain-sides, by the rivers and in the glades, that one delights to linger among them. Large and small tracts of cultivated land or fruitful glens, and valleys bounded by woods or rocks, with farmhouses and cottages, around which fair-haired children play, present a striking picture of contentment. Such are the characteristic features of the peninsula of Scandinavia, surrounded almost everywhere by a wild and austere coast. Nature in Norway is far bolder and more majestic than in Sweden; but certain parts of the coast along the Baltic present charming views of rural landscape.

From the last days of May to the end of July, in the northern part of this land, the sun shines day and night upon its mountains, fjords, rivers, lakes, forests, valleys, towns, villages, hamlets, fields, and farms; and thus Sweden and Norway may be called, "The Land of the Midnight Sun." During this period of continuous daylight the stars are never seen, the moon appears pale, and sheds no light upon the earth. Summer is short, giving just time enough for the wild-flowers to grow, to bloom, and to fade away, and barely time for the husbandman to collect his harvest, which, however, is sometimes nipped by a summer frost. A few weeks after the midnight sun has passed, the hours of sunshine shorten rapidly, and by the middle of August the air becomes chilly and the nights colder, although during the day the sun is warm. Then the grass turns yellow, the leaves change their colour, and wither, and fall; the swallows and other migrating birds fly towards the south; twilight comes once more; the stars, one by one, make their appearance, shining brightly in the pale-blue sky; the moon shows itself again as the queen of night, and lights and cheers the long and dark days of the Scandinavian winter. The time comes at last when the sun disappears entirely from sight; the heavens appear in a blaze of light and glory, and the stars and the moon pale before the aurora borealis.

Scandinavia, often have I wandered over thy snow-clad mountains, hills, and valleys, over thy frozen lakes and rivers, seeming to hear, as the reindeer, swift carriers of the North, flew onward, a voice whispering to me, "Thou hast been in many countries where there is no winter, and where flowers bloom all the year; but hast thou ever seen such glorious nights as these?" And I silently answered, "Never! never!"

This country, embracing nearly sixteen degrees in latitude, is inhabited chiefly by a flaxen-haired and blue-eyed race of men—brave, simple, honest, and good. They are the descendants of the Norsemen and of the Vikings, who in the days of old, when Europe was degraded by the chains of slavery, were the only people that were free, and were governed by the laws they themselves made; and, when emerging from their rock-bound and stormy coast for distant lands, for war or conquest, were the embodiment of courage and daring by land and sea. They have left to this day an indelible impression of their character on the countries they overran, and in which they settled; and England is indebted for the freedom she possesses, and the manly qualities of her people—their roving disposition, their love of the sea, and of conquest in distant lands—to this admixture of Scandinavian blood, which, through hereditary transmission, makes her prominent as descended chiefly from Anglo-Scandinavians and not Anglo-Saxons.

We will now travel from one end of this land to the other, crossing it many times from sea to sea, over well-made roads and wild tracts, in summer and in winter, and linger among its people.

The descriptions of the life and manners of the people contain what will be more amusing if not newer to most readers than the external aspects of the country. Passing tourists see little of the home life of the regions which they visit, but Mr. du Chaillu, from his long residence, and possessing thorough mastery of the language, had special advantages. He made use of his opportunities without losing any time, as we may gather from his account of his first day in Scandinavia, after landing from London at Gothenburg, or Göteborg as the Swedes call it.

#### A SWEDISH DINNER.

I had obtained letters of introduction from Herr Stenersen, the Minister of Sweden and Norway at Washington, and, while passing through London, had received others from the former consul in New York, and from other friends. Among the letters was one addressed to a leading firm in Göteborg; the senior partner, Herr W—, was a member of the First Chamber of the Diet. I was struck by their amiability and refinement, and by the quiet and unpretending manner in which they sought to help me. The softness of their pronunciation modified the excellent English they spoke; and they gave me "Welcome to Sweden! welcome to Scandinavia!"

There are three ways of going from Göteborg to Stockholm—by railway, which takes twelve hours, by water, from sea to sea, or by post stations. If the traveller can command the time, the steam canal and lake route is preferable. It requires two or three days, but affords an excellent opportunity to see the country without being wearied; and most of the steamers are very comfortable.

"But you must take dinner with me," said the eldest brother of the house; "for you cannot go before to-morrow morning; we have only one train a day to Stockholm." Thus, at my entrance upon Scandinavian territory, I was made acquainted with the hospitality of its people.

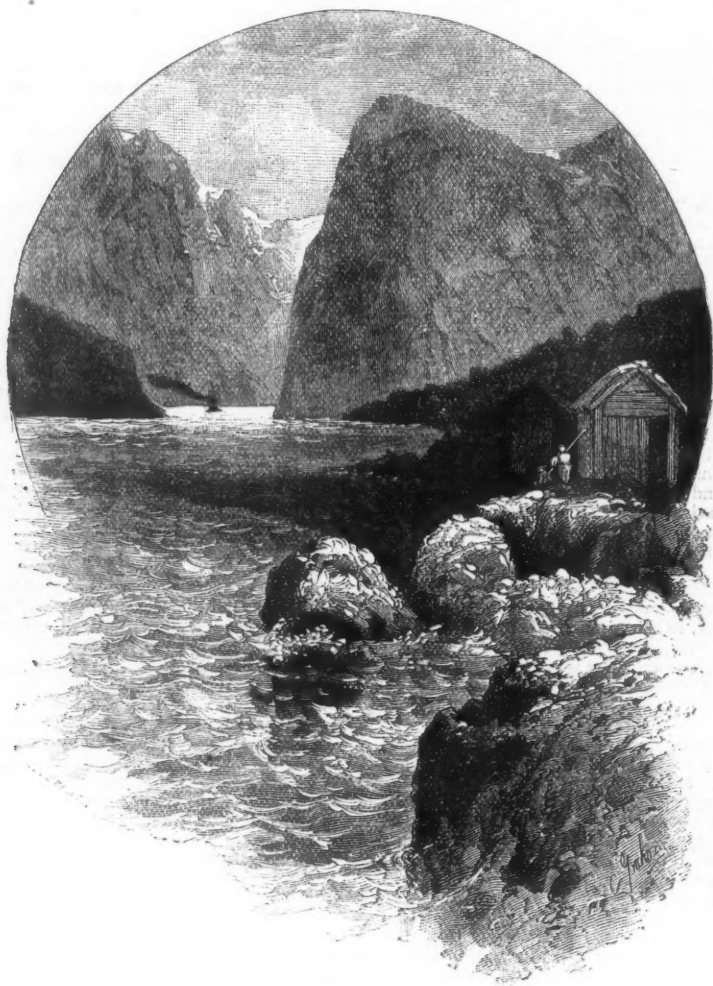
We dined at 3 p.m., and I found, but too late, that it was proper to wear a dress-coat and a white cravat, even when dinner is served so early in the day, and that in this respect the Swedes are very particular. I had the honour of escorting the hostess to the dining-room. Dinner in Sweden is invariably preceded by a *smörgås*, a series of strange dishes eaten as a relish.

I was led to a little table, called *smörgåsbord*, around which we all clustered, and upon which I saw a display of smoked reindeer meat, cut into small thin slices; smoked salmon with poached eggs; fresh, raw, sliced salmon, called *gräflax*, upon which salt had been put about an hour before; hard-boiled eggs; caviare; fried sausage; a sort of anchovy, caught on the western coast; raw salted Norwegian herring, exceedingly fat, cut into small pieces; *sillsallat*, made of pickled herring, small pieces of boiled meat, potatoes, eggs, red beets and raw onions, and seasoned with pepper, vinegar, and olive-oil; smoked goose-breast; cucumbers; soft brown and white bread, cut into small slices; *knäckebröd*, a sort of flat, hard bread, made of coarse rye flour, and flavoured with aniseed; *sikladd* bread, very thin, and made of the finest bolted flour; butter; *gammal ost*, the strongest old cheese one can taste, and *kummin ost*, a cheese seasoned with caraway; three crystal decanters, containing different kinds of *brännvin* (spirits); *renadt*, made from rye or potatoes; *pomerans*, made from renadt, with the addition of oil of bitter orange, and somewhat sweet; and *finkelsbrännvin*, or unpurified spirit. Around the decanters were ranged tiny glasses, and the gentlemen of the party drank one or the other of these potations as an appetiser; the dishes and the spirits were alike strange to me. Everything was tastefully arranged upon a snowy cloth—the plates, knives, forks, and napkins being placed as at a collation; but when, as the guest, I was invited to help myself first, I was at a loss how to begin; the meal was eaten standing. Observing my predicament, the hostess came kindly to my rescue, and helped herself first—taking a piece of bread and spreading butter upon it, and then selecting tidbits with a fork. I kept up a conversation with the host, but observed the proceedings warily all the time, in order to know what to do next; knives and forks were used in common. I began with bread, butter, and reindeer meat, which were good; and seeing that every one was enjoying the *gräflax*, I resolved to try it; but the slice was hardly in my mouth before I wished I had not made the experiment. It was too late; I had to eat it; there was no possibility of escape. My stomach was ready to give way; but the only thing to be done was to swallow what I had taken; a small glass of *renadt*, drank immediately afterwards, saved me. I did not repeat the experiment of eating *gräflax* that day, nor for many days thereafter. The smoked salmon was an improvement upon the *gräflax*, but that was bad enough; the *sillsallat*, which is considered a great delicacy when the herrings are fat, I found to be palatable; and sundry other dishes I liked very much, the smoked goose-breast being particularly delicate; but I shall never forget



my first impressions of the raw salmon. Afterwards I became very fond of *sillsallat*, and, in fact, of everything that was put upon a *smörgåsbord*, with the exception of *gräflax*, which I can now eat, but have serious doubts whether I shall ever

hand-shaking and the bowing of the guests to each other, and a considerable interval of time is occupied by conversation before coffee is served. I was, indeed, at a loss to know the meaning of this hand-shaking, and accordingly neither



A NORWEGIAN FJORD.

be able to enjoy. The Swedes regard it as a great delicacy; and as the first salmon caught in the spring are dear, the *gräflax* is considered a luxury.

The *smörgås*, however, was only a preliminary to the dinner—an appetiser. We went to a large table close by, and took seats, the place of honour on the right being assigned to me. The dinner and the wines were like those of any other country. At the beginning of the meal the host welcomes his guest with a glass of wine, then bows to the hostess and to him, and during the repast, host, hostess, and guests, glass in hand, bow also to each other, and sip their wine. It is customary for each gentleman to escort back to the drawing-room the lady he takes to dinner; then follows the charming and invariable custom when every guest shakes hands with the hostess, saying, *Tack för maten* (thanks for the meal, or, literally, thanks for the food), to which she answers, *Wälbekommet* (welcome to it). The same ceremony is repeated in honour of the host and the rest of the family; and then the children follow, with the same form of thanks addressed to their parents, thus being taught from their youth to be grateful to those who support them. A general interchange of civilities ensues, often accompanied by

gave thanks nor shook hands. So I had made two blunders on my first day: I had appeared at dinner without an evening suit, and had not expressed my thanks for the hospitality. I had enjoyed.

It must not be supposed that this is the ordinary style of living in middle-class homes. The clergy and farmers, among whom the author received unbounded hospitality, live in much homelier and thriftier style, whether in Sweden or Norway. The commissariat at the railway stations seems better managed than with us.

#### DINNER AT A RAILWAY STATION.

We stopped at a station called Katrineholm, one of the best dining-places on any railway in Sweden. Hearing the cry, "Twenty minutes for dinner," I rushed from the train and hurried to the *matsal* (dining-room), for the bracing air had given me an appetite. Remembering railroad experi-



ences in America, I thought it not improbable that the stipulated limit of twenty minutes meant ten: hence my haste. But when I entered the hall I felt ashamed of myself for having elbowed my fellow-travellers as I had done; everything was quiet, orderly, and clean, and I stopped to survey the spectacle, impressed by its novelty. In the centre of a spacious room, the floor of which was spotless, was a large table, covered with a snowy cloth, upon which was displayed a variety of tempting dishes, including large fish from the lakes, roast beef, lamb, chicken, soup, potatoes, and other fresh vegetables; different kinds of bread; puddings, jellies, sweet milk, cream, butter, cheese, and the never-failing buttermilk, which many ate first, and before the soup. Every article of food was cooked to a turn, and the joints were hot, having just been taken off the fire. Piles of warm plates, with knives, forks, and napkins, lay ready to the traveller's hand; and the whole aspect of the place was tidy, cheerful, and appetising; one might have fancied a banquet had been spread for the entertainment of a private party. The purveyors had been apprised by telegraph of the exact time of our arrival; and, as the railway trains are punctual, unless delayed by sudden snowstorms or accidents, all was in readiness for us. I was much interested in observing the manners of the travellers; there was no confusion; the company walked around the central table, selected from the dishes they liked best, and then, taking knives, forks, spoons, and napkins, seated themselves at the little marble tables scattered in the room, rising when they desired to help themselves again. I noticed particularly the moderation of the people: the portion of food each one took was not in excess of that which would have been served at a private table; and every person in the company seemed to remember that his neighbour also might fancy the dish of which he partook. The sale of ardent spirits in the railway stations being forbidden by the Government, only beer or light wines could be procured, and these were served by alert and tidy young girls. From a large coffee-urn placed upon a table, the travellers helped themselves to that beverage; milk was provided without charge.

The dinner concluded, and the given period of twenty minutes having expired, we stepped up to a desk to pay the reckoning, which was received by the girls; the price charged for this excellent meal, including coffee, was one rix-dollar and twenty-five öre\*—now it costs one rix-dollar and fifty öre: an additional sum of twenty-five öre was charged for the bottled beer. I observed that the word of each guest was taken without question as to the quantity of wine, beer, or coffee he had consumed, and no one was at the door to watch the people going out. Leaving the dining-room, I was more than ever impressed with the unfailing courtesy of the people.

There is a singular confluence of primitive simplicity and advanced culture in Scandinavia. For instance, take the author's

#### FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF HAPARANDA.

The town is in 65° 51' N. lat., and forty-one miles south of the arctic circle, and has a population of about one thousand, mostly Finlanders. It is 1° 18' farther north than Archangel, and in the same latitude as the most northern part of Iceland. The sun rises on the 21st of June at 12.01 a.m., and sets at 11.37 p.m.

From the 22nd to the 25th of June the traveller may enjoy the sight of the midnight sun from Avasaxa, a hill six hundred and eighty feet high, and about forty-five miles distant, on the other side of the stream; and should he be a few days later, by driving north on the high-road he may still have the opportunity of seeing it.

Haparanda is quite a thriving place, with many large and well-painted houses; it has several stores, and is a sort of commercial dépôt for the population farther north, its exports being chiefly timber and tar. It has risen to its present dimensions since the cession of Finland by Sweden to Russia. Formerly the seat of commerce was on the island of Torned, lying almost opposite. It has two churches; a high-school, where students can prepare themselves to enter one of the

universities, and where French, English, German, and the dead languages are taught; and public schools for primary education; it also has a newspaper.

This is the last telegraphic station in the north of Sweden whence messages can be sent to any part of the world. The telegraph-operators are all educated men, who have passed a rigid examination, and are required to understand English, German, and French. The same regulations are also enforced in Norway. The postal-telegraph system has always existed in both countries, and the tariff of charges is uniform, whether the distance be short or long.

There is a good hotel, where the rooms are comfortable and the fare excellent; indeed, there are very few towns between Stockholm and this point where you can be so well entertained. The size of the landlord, and that of his good and pleasant wife, spoke well for the food and the climate of the country.

The news of my arrival was soon spread over the little town. The judge, clergyman, custom-house officers, school-master, postmaster, banker, and others came to the hotel to see me, and they all welcomed me to Haparanda. Though living in the remote North, they had all the politeness of their countrymen of the more populous districts of the South.

When I told them that I intended to go as far north as I could by land, they seemed somewhat astonished. When they heard I wanted to cross to the Polar Sea, "There are difficulties in the way," they said; "the people do not speak the Swedish language; after awhile there is no road, and the country is wild, sparsely populated, and the people will not be able to understand where you wish to go. Will you be able to eat their food? If not, you must buy what you want here." "The food," said I, "does not trouble me in the least; I can eat anything."

They did not see how I could ever get along. "Just go as far as the high-road, and come back," was their counsel. "No," said I; "I must go as far as North Cape."

When they saw me resolved to go, they took as much interest in my undertaking as if I had been one of their dear relatives.

Mr. du Chaillu being a bachelor, and supposed to be extremely rich, as hailing from America, seems to have been the subject of great attention from the gentle sex of all grades and ages. In the remote parts of the country the women do much of the work which usually falls to the stronger sex.

#### ON THE WAY TO THE NORTH CAPE.

At every station I had a young girl for a driver, and these children of the North seemed not in the least afraid of me. My first driver's name was Ida Catharina: she gave me a silver ring, and was delighted when she saw it on my finger. I promised to bring her a gold one the following winter, and I kept my word. She was glad indeed, when, at the end of the drive, after paying, I gave her a silver piece. Another driver, twelve years of age, was named Ida Caroline. The tire of one of our wheels became loose, but she was equal to the emergency; she alighted, blocked the wheel with a stone, went to a farm-house and borrowed a few nails and a hammer, and with the help of the farmer made everything right in a few minutes; she did not seem in the least put out by the accident. She chatted with me all the time, though I did not understand what she said, for I did not then know the Finnish language. She was a little beauty, with large blue eyes, thick fair hair, and rosy cheeks. From early life children are taught to depend upon themselves.

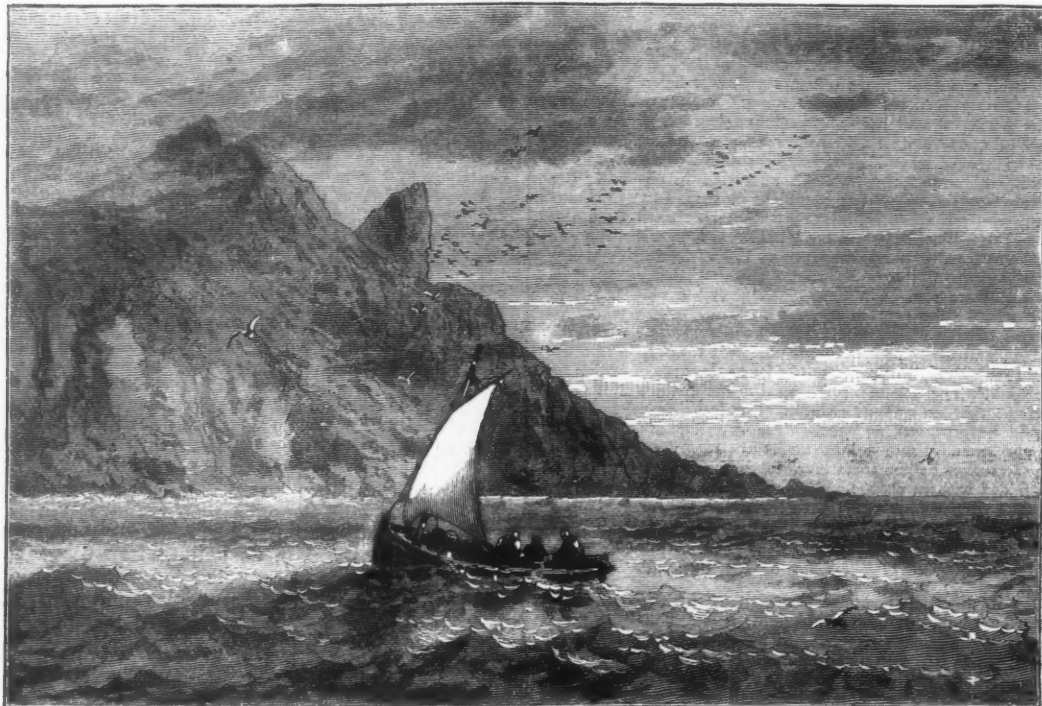
Niemis was the next station: the little farm stood by itself, looking poor enough; there were four or five low buildings, with roofs covered with turf. The small house for travellers was scrupulously clean, but had only one room, with two beds, a few chairs, a table, a looking-glass, and a bureau, in which the family stored their wealth; next to this room was a little closet where the milk was kept.

The dwelling-house, close by, was a humble one, and dirty. Its occupants were an aged man, with long, shaggy, black hair, his wife, and a niece, a fair-haired girl named Kristina, who, when I arrived, immediately washed her face and hands, combed her hair, put a clean skirt over her dirty

\* The rix-dollar is now called krona, divided in 100 öre, and is equivalent to 26 cents.

one, adjusted a clean handkerchief on her head, and her toilet was complete. The coffee-pot was then put on the fire, and a cup of coffee was made. The old woman was dark complexioned, and her hair was almost black—traits certainly not of the Scandinavian or Finnish type; she reminded me of a gipsy. When she heard where I had come from she suddenly hugged me; I, in good-humour, returned the compliment, regardless of consequences, for her hair looked suspicious.

On one occasion the frank familiarity of the



THE NORTH CAPE.

traveller caused a grievous disappointment. But for the suddenness of the whole escapade there were all the incidents for a case of breach of promise! Having asked a girl whether she would like to go back to America with him, she "told mamma," who told the father, who told the relations; and next day the whole village turned out to bid farewell to the bride before setting out on her far journey. It was an awkward disillusion when the slender meaning of the question about America came to be explained. Simple folk are apt to take all words as spoken in earnest, or at least to jump hastily to conclusions. In southern climates Paul would probably have had a stiletto in his heart, or a bullet through his head, before he reached the next village. The warm feeling towards America will be understood by the following scene on a Sunday, in Norway, near the famed Hardanga Fjord.

#### INQUIRIES ABOUT AMERICA.

I heard the bell of the church on a hill looking down upon

the sea; saw boats from all directions crowded with people; maidens fair, in their picturesque costumes, prayer-book in hand; young men with manly faces, proud to row them; mothers, in the snowy head-caps worn only by the married; old men and women bent with years, and with sight dimmed by age, with their grand and great-grandchildren. As they passed by, some shouted, "Amerikaner, I have a son—I have a daughter in America. Do you know them? Oh, tell me, have you seen them?" One would say, "My son lives in Minnesota;" "My daughter is in Iowa," shouted another; a third, "I have three children in Wisconsin." On coming

near, they seized my hand, holding it fast with a nervousness which told the intensity of their feelings. They forced me to say that I did not know them, or had not seen them; but the link of love was there, and they loved me, for their children had written that they had happy homes in my own land, and they were glad to see one who lived on the same soil. As we bade each other good-bye they would shout, "Amerikaner, come to our farm, you shall be welcome; we will show the portraits which our children have sent to us, and perhaps when you return you may go and see them, and tell them that you have seen the old folks at home; that we think of them every day, that we miss them, that we pray God to bless them." And all would give me a fond parting look.

The paintings of Tidemand have made us acquainted with many peculiar customs and incidents of life in Norway. But some things we gather from Du Chaillu which are less known, as in the following touching scene.

#### THE ABIDICATION OF A FATHER.

On my visit to Husum an important event took place, when, according to immemorial custom, the farm was to come into the possession of the eldest son. The dinner being ready, all the members of the family came in and

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seated themselves around the board, the father taking, as is customary, the head of the table. I noticed an unusual air of soberness on the faces of those present, though the people are generally sedate at meals. All at once Roar, who was not seated, came to his father and said, "Father, you are getting old; let me take your place." "Oh no, my son," was the answer, "I am not too old to work; it is not yet time; wait awhile." Then, with an entreating look, Roar said, "Oh, father, all your children and myself are often sorry to see you look so tired when the day's labour is over; the work of the farm is too much for you; it is time for you to rest, and do nothing. Rest in your old age. Oh, let me take your place at the head of the table."

All the faces were now extremely sober, and tears were seen in many eyes. "Not yet, my son," "Oh yes, father." Then said the whole family, "Now it is time for you to rest."

It was hard for the sturdy old bonde, who had been chief so long, to give up; but he rose, and Roar took his place, and was then the master. His father henceforth would have nothing to do, was to live in a comfortable house, and to receive yearly a stipulated amount of grain or flour, potatoes, milk, cheese, butter, and meat.

We have given more space than we intended to our notice, but it is not easy to select, out of the very many passages that we have marked on reading the two volumes. We must close with two extracts, the first referring to the Laplanders, many of whom have emigrated with other Scandinavians to the United States.

We had reached the top of the plateau dividing the watershed of the Alten and the Tana rivers. The Laplanders were wandering with their herds, walking on snow-shoes, the dogs keeping the reindeer together: they were moving to new pasture-grounds, where the snow had least depth, or where it had been partly blown away.

In one place we met a family on the march, some of the women carrying their babies on their backs in the *kätkem* (cradle), and leading the luggage animal at the same time; then a family composed of an old man, three women, and several children, who had recently arrived, and had just put up their tent. Farther on I came to another encampment. The reindeer that had been drawing the luggage had been unharnessed, the children were walking around on their snow-shoes after juniper and dwarf birch for fuel, and near by was a large herd of deer, almost all of which were lying in the snow. They had come a long distance, and were evidently too tired to begin digging for moss. The dogs were crouching by the fire, apparently exhausted.

We were made welcome in the tent, and then coffee, which was clarified with dry fish-skin, and milk were immediately served, and the silver spoons were taken out of a little bag. I was astonished, as the milking-season had not yet come. The woman remarked that this was cow's milk, which her mother, living in Kautokeino, had given her the day before. "So your mother is not a Mountain Lapp?" said I. "No," she replied; "but I have married a Mountain Lapp and I have to follow the reindeer; but I often go to Kautokeino to see my people. I have a sister in America," said she. I thought I did not understand well. "Yes," said she again, "I have a sister in Chicago; her name is Ella. She married a man from Tromsø, and they have emigrated to Chicago. My mother will give you her address when you go to Kautokeino." I was much interested in the statement. While she talked she was busy washing the cups and spoons with water from snow which had been melted in an iron pot over the fire. Afterwards she took some sugar from a little chest for my especial use, cracked it with her teeth, and filled the cup to overflowing; this they always do, for they dislike to appear stingy. As I left she said, "Do not forget to go and see my sister, and tell her that we are all well, and that God is kind to us. God bless her! is often our prayer."

I saw her sister in Chicago in the winter of 1878. No one would ever think her to be a Lapp; her comely dress, her black eyes, dark hair, and high cheek-bones did not show it. Her husband was a tailor, and they lived humbly but comfortably, and the piety of her northern home had followed

her to her new one. Several Finmarken Laplanders have migrated to America, where they call themselves Norwegians. Some have become rich; one, especially, who lives in a brown-stone house, and has a large store. Many of the Lapps are well educated, and some are merchants and teachers in Norway; they are very intelligent and successful in business, and are much respected by the Norwegians.

The reader will be surprised on hearing that Mr. du Chaillu was in America at times that we expect him, from his book, to be under the Arctic circle. All through the narrative there is great haziness as to dates. This might be excused in regard to lands where the sun is seen for months at a stretch. One might well get confused as to seasons and years! But the truth is that Mr. du Chaillu has been living for some years partly in the New World and partly in the Old, and he has been lecturing in the States about the incidents of his Scandinavian travels. The book bears internal evidence of this diverse residence during the period of authorship, some of the illustrations having been prepared in America, and others by English artists. We must do the author the credit of saying that he has not been merely making a business, either as lecturer or author, of his northern acquaintances; for his book all through is aglow with sincere and warm feeling towards his Scandinavian hosts and friends. We can be sure of this from the account of his farewell to the hamlet of Vang, a remote Norwegian hamlet.

#### RECOLLECTIONS OF VANG.

I had to see all my friends, even across the lake, and to eat wherever I made a call. On the last evening I was perfectly exhausted, for I had partaken of thirty meals in two days, and drank thirty-four large cups of coffee, and I had to skål many times besides. There was no escape; I had eaten with their neighbours, why should I not do the same with them? Was I not to go on my journey across the Atlantic? Would it not be a long time before they would see me again?

As I took leave, the mother or daughters would hand me a pair of woollen stockings, gloves, mittens, or cuffs, and say, "Paul, we have made these for you—keep them to remember us by;" often my initials or their own were embroidered upon them. Others would give me a silver ring, brooch, or other little token of friendship. Some old matrons were more practical, saying, "Paul, take this cheese and sausage." Expostulation was vain; the answer was, "America is far away, and you may be hungry on the road."

I was touched deeply by the feelings of sorrow caused by my departure. I could see tears in their eyes, and sad faces spoke more than words. "Paul," many would say, "do not forget us; write to us from America. You shall always be most welcome;" whispering the parting words, "God be with you over the wide ocean," as they pressed my hands. When I left the hamlet John was not at home, but Ole and Lars accompanied me for some distance with almost silent sadness.

It is now many months since I have heard from Vang. One thing or another has prevented my writing; but the dear friends I have there are often remembered; their kindly faces are still before me, and their cheers of welcome ring yet in my ears. The memory of the happy days spent in their midst will always be cherished. Manly lads and fair maidens have wedded, bashful young girls have become comely damsels; the wheel of time has brought many changes, both happy and sorrowful. The good länsmän Wangersten, of Kvam, is dead; most touching was the last letter to me which he dictated to his son, when he had hardly strength to sign his name. Uncomplainingly he spoke of his sufferings and approaching end, and added, "Though I shall be missing when you return to Vang, do not fail to come to Kvam;

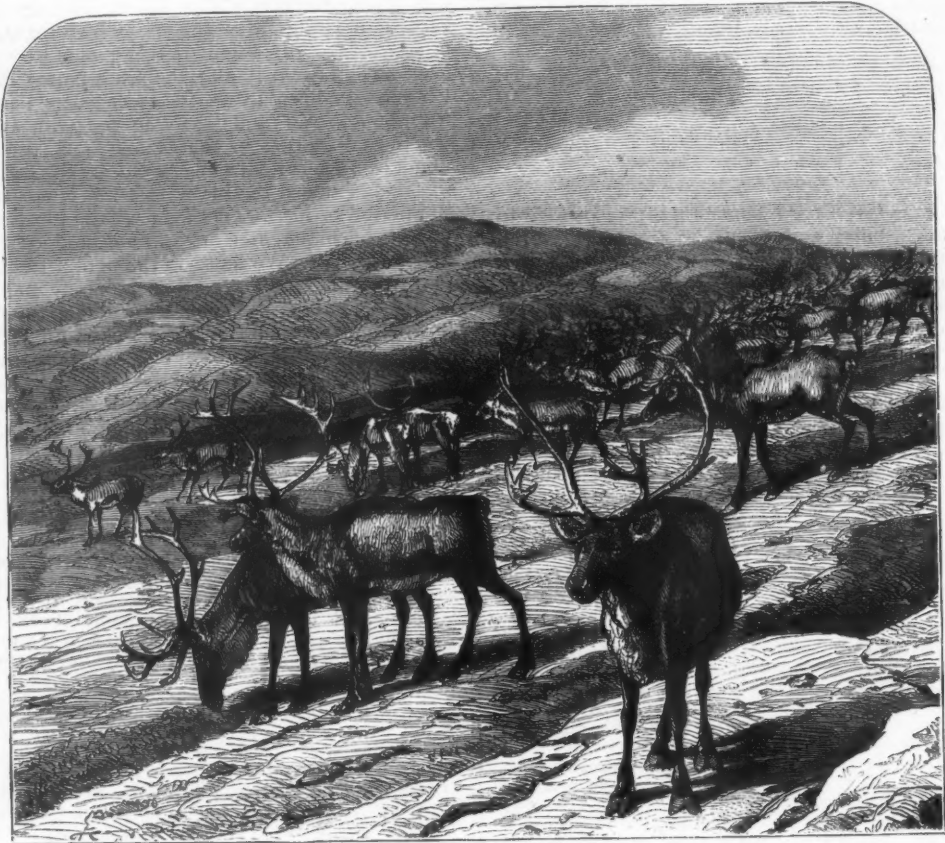


you will be welcomed by my family." Nils Tune has also gone, and over his grave the rancour of political strife has been forgotten and forgiven; he was honest and incorruptible.

Dearly do I love to read the letters from my friends of Vang. Husbands, wives, daughters, and sons write to me affectionately, and none are more appreciated than the letters of the children. Sigrid Nertröst, the wife of John, writes, "Little Berit (their daughter) cries because she cannot write to Paul." Little Anna Haugen, in a letter of her father, sends a tiny heart and a ring made of glass pearls. Ole, who has since been married, writes, "During Christmas we

have had many gatherings, drank toasts to our friend Paul, and John has composed two verses which we sang."

In regard to education and religion, as well as social life, the observations of a candid traveller like Mr. du Chaillu will be read with interest. Even with its poor soil and dreary climate, there are few spots on earth to which the thoughts can turn with more satisfaction as the home of honest happy human life, than "the Land of the Midnight Sun."



## ENGLISH THRIFT: ITS HELPS, HINDRANCES, AND HOPES.

BY THE REV. W. BLACKLEY, M.A.

### I.—INTRODUCTION.

I GLADLY avail myself of the opportunity afforded me of putting forward, in the pages of this periodical, views which much thought and study have led me to adopt and hold very firmly, not only as to the present need, deficiency, and difficulty of English Thrift and Providence, but also as to means for supplying the need, remedying the deficiency, and, in a great mea-

sure at least, removing some terrible obstructions which now hinder the progress of the thrifty, while doing no true good and bringing no true blessing to the wasteful.

I will spend no time in enlarging on the enormous sums of money worse than thrown away by our people year by year, nor on the amount of misery directly or indirectly due to it; it may be

(alas! it must be) admitted that as a nation, not merely as individuals, we are improvident, self-indulgent, and dependent beyond other nations; and that in spite of means and opportunities, in the way of wealth and wages, which other nations do not possess, we have an unparalleled amount of misery and wretchedness to show. And this in face of the fact that, however great the difficulties arising from circumstances and surroundings, a vast number of our working classes really do make efforts of the noblest sort at securing their own independence, and the education, advancement, and prosperity of their families.

In the following papers I shall hope to point out not only the facts of our exceptional misery existing in the face of our exceptional wealth, but also what seem to me to be their natural correlates, exceptional hindrances to progress or thrift, which may be removed; exceptional facilities for thrift, which may be greatly extended; and exceptional hopes for a national advance in prosperity and independence, which may be—and, with God's blessing, must be—realised when once the nation, as a nation, recognises its duties and its possibilities in so wide and interesting a field as the elevation of the English character and the comfort of the English home.

Some readers doubtless of the following papers will here and there recognise a few phrases, and perhaps now and then a few paragraphs, on this subject with which they may be familiar in various writings of mine already before the public. As a rule, these phrases or paragraphs are only used here because their first forms, as the best and shortest terms in which to place my meaning, have crystallised in my mind into commonplaces. They might have been rewritten without difficulty in modified or altered language had I not thought it better, in the interest of my readers and of my subject, to place clearness before freshness of expression.

## II.—PROVIDENCE DEPENDENT ON THRIFT.

It may be admitted as an axiom that to lay up in store for the future is, generally speaking, a strong impulse of human nature, which, if not checked by some exceptional interference, may be expected to influence the conduct of the vast average of mankind. The truth of this axiom is proved by the simple fact of the human race remaining alive from year to year. The duty of following this impulse by laying up in store for a future when means of procuring sustenance may be less easy than at present, is taught us in most impressive language by the very succession of the seasons. At one season of the year only, out of four, nature supplies the food of man, and more food than he can possibly consume in that season. It is plain that if harvest-time only produced enough food to support man during its ingathering, the human race could not flourish. Therefore, to carry out the broad lesson thus taught by nature, we must see that, in order to *provide* for the future, man must *thrive* or prosper in the present, since it is plainly out of what can be done

without to-day that we make provision for to-morrow. Or, in a word, all providence depends on thrift, since, as a general rule, to secure independence for the future a man must not only have sufficient for the present, but something more, not needed in the present, which he may reserve for future use.

## III.—INDIVIDUAL PROVIDENCE GENERALLY POSSIBLE.

I have said that providence depends upon thrift, and in setting forth the duty of every man to provide for himself, I have to show the possibility of every man thriving, at least sufficiently to enable him to be provident.

For I am met on the threshold of this subject by the objection that there are many people always who can earn nothing more than barely sufficient to keep them alive from day to day, and that therefore providence for them is impossible; and if impossible, cannot be a duty at all.

If we leave out of consideration all persons who have never had health or strength to earn their own living, and who, in a Christian country, have for this reason a claim, never ignored, not upon taxation, but upon Christian charity, it is easy to answer the objection made above by saying that those who cannot provide for themselves beyond their daily needs now, might have done so, had they chosen, before now; and that their unprovided state is caused, not by the impossibility, but by the unwillingness to provide when able to do so.

Yesterday I was talking to a woodman on this subject. He said, "Sir, I went to my old uncle lately, to talk with him, and see whether we could not manage to agitate for higher wages. You know, sir, he's a great one for having men combine to that end. Well, sir, what do you think he said to me? 'William,' he says, 'you've got nothing to say, your time's past!' 'What do you mean, uncle?' I said; 'I'm only thirty years old.' 'Why,' he answered, 'you have a wife and children to feed now, and it takes all your money, and you can't better yourself. You had money enough when you were young and unburdened, and you wasted it; and now you're too late.' And I see, sir, my uncle was right."

Yes, the uncle was right. The earnings in any country, however low they may be, must be really enough, *if well managed*, not only to keep men in their strength from day to day, but to provide for their support also from the cradle to the grave. For, if the earnings of man be not sufficient to support the whole life of man, men cease to have a living; they die off, or they emigrate, and the population must diminish. But the population of England, instead of diminishing, increases at an amazing rate, which proves not only that the earnings of England are enough to support her people, but really, if well managed, to supply them with comforts as well as necessities, and to raise them all into a state of well-being, to which (*just because resources are not well managed*) millions of our fellow-men are total strangers.

#### IV.—INDIVIDUAL THRIFT AND PROVIDENCE A PERSONAL, SOCIAL, AND NATIONAL DUTY.

Admitting, then, the general possibility for every man at some time (if not of all men at all times) to earn a provision for his future, which, by the way, is a very different thing from the securing of the provision made, I have a few words to say as to the setting apart of such a provision being a personal, social, and national duty.

A man owes it to himself to be provided against want. The duty for to-day is made plain by the feeling of hunger or cold, which impels a man to work that he may have bread to live on and clothes to cover him. The duty for to-morrow is quite as clear in theory, but not so pressing in fact, for the simple reason that no one can feel hunger or cold in advance. But the fear of to-morrow's hunger or cold can be felt in advance, and this fear may be aggravated by the certainty of the want and the uncertainty of the supply, into a strong inducement to the man to spare to-day some of his superfluity in order to relieve his mind from the fear of being destitute to-morrow. And just because an easy mind is the first essential to any true enjoyment of life, it becomes the duty of each man to himself to banish fear and anxiety for to-morrow from his mind by making timely safe provision for his continued existence.

Next, such provision is every man's social duty. He owes it to his kindred to relieve them from the burden of supporting his existence; in proportion as the man who might be independent hangs upon the aid and efforts of others, he degrades himself and injures them; he is a social nuisance, and he does a social wrong.

And, thirdly, such provision is his national duty. If a man owe to himself a mind easy for the future, to his friends security against bearing the burden of his dependence, he owes also to his nation a citizen's example of duty-doing, a citizen's share in the growth of its prosperity, in the brightening of its glory, the justice of its laws; the loving work of a living man to sustain and further the progress of the State, instead of the cold burden of a cumbrous corpse to pollute and weigh it down.

#### V.—THE NEGLECT OF THRIFT AND PROVIDENCE IN ENGLAND.

Now, for people who agree in the view that every man should do his share towards upholding the honour of our nation, and who feel that, considering all our great opportunities for promoting the blessing of the human race, England ought to be one of the happiest countries on the face of the earth, it must be a dreadfully depressing and humiliating thing to know that, mainly through the general neglect of the personal, social, national, and indeed religious duty of providence, our country has to show to the world an unmatched example of multitudinous misery.

Wages are high for labour, and very high for skill; and the hours of work in England are generally fewer than anywhere in Europe; while,

on the other hand, it cannot be said that the necessities of life are generally more costly amongst us than elsewhere. And, more than this, as compared with other nations, men have three more years of life under the most favourable conditions for making provision for the future than other nations; for these latter require no less than three years of each citizen's life (say from eighteen to twenty-one) to be devoted in compulsory military service, either to fighting or to getting ready to fight the enemies or the possible enemies of their country—a terrible burden, from which Englishmen are happily exempt. And yet, in spite of all our immense advantages, the recorded deaths from sheer starvation are vastly higher in England than elsewhere. Indeed, our annual returns, showing as they do the fact, established by the verdicts of coroner's juries, that in London alone 101 human beings starved to death last year, produced a general cry of horror from the European press, which it would have been slow to utter were such deaths in proportion to population equally common abroad as here.

And besides this, we have continually before our eyes the fact that vast numbers of persons, earning for the moment sums far greater than necessary to support existence, in practice totally neglect the duty of providence, even to the small extent of providing for a single month, or even a single week.

I suppose there is not a town in England wherein the experience is not perfectly common, that a fall of snow which covers the ground to the depth of three or four inches, will bring as claimants, either of suddenly-collected charity or of aid from compulsory poor-rates (which are no charity at all), not merely the actual agricultural labourers who for the nonce are really deprived of work, but, under the name of "frozen-out gardeners," a multitude ten times the number of the actual gardeners in England, a large proportion of that beggarly multitude consisting of men for months in receipt of quite abundant wages, not one sovereign of which they have ever been willing to lay by.

There are sufficient reasons, which we shall come to by-and-by, to account fully for this dishonouring prominence of England amongst all other nations in the sin and shame of improvidence. For the present I am only concerned in drawing my reader's attention to the fact, which any one may verify only too easily at the cost of a little thought and observation.

#### VI.—THE MEANING OF THE WORD "SAVINGS."

"Yes," it will be said, "it is perfectly true. A vast number of our people who earn or own an income above their immediate means become miserable and destitute at last, because they never save a farthing!"

Now I would stop my reader a few moments to reflect on the meaning of the term he has used; for it is a very wonderful thing in the history of languages to find how much of altogether unsuspected teaching the use of a common term may have. "They will never *save* a farthing!" Sup-



pose we translate the phrase into French. If we say, "Ils ne sauveront jamais rien!" we shall be talking nonsense, though we exactly translate the word *save* by *sauver*. Suppose we translate it into German—"Sie wollen nie etwas retten"—we shall be talking nonsense once more, though we exactly translate the word *save* by *retten*. In other languages we must use the word equivalent to *sparing*, not to *saving*, in order to be understood. So for our word "Savings Bank" the Germans say "*Spar-Kasse*," and the French say "*Caisse d'Epargnes*." And we look back through our old English literature and find that the word *saving*, in the sense of "laying by money," is not there; it is newly come into our language. Take a book of English so modern as our Bible translation, the Authorised Version. We find the *thing* spoken of, but not by any such word as *save*. We read, "Thou shalt *lay up* gold as dust and stones;" "*Lay not up* for yourselves treasures on earth . . . but *lay up* treasures in heaven;" "Let every one *lay by* him in store against the first day of the week," etc.; but *saving*, or *saving up*, in this sense, has no place whatever in the Bible.

What then does this singular new use of the word in the English language imply? "Perhaps," some one may suggest, "it implies that the English habit of improvidence became so common that anything not laid by was sure to be squandered and lost, and therefore anything laid by was considered as something, so to speak, *saved* from otherwise predestined waste."

And probably there is much truth in the conjecture; but then something must have happened in late times to make that new use of the word appropriate now which was unknown three centuries ago.

And this also is true. Something, nearly three centuries ago, was introduced into England—and into no other country—which really taught our dreadful national improvidence, and made all men could spare subject to utter *loss*. While nature teaches all men, through all history, in all countries, that they must provide for themselves, we established, about the year 1602, a law (we call it the Poor-Law, and the legislation was as poor as the law) which says in effect, "Nature's law is all very well for those who choose to follow it. But we can improve upon nature. Henceforth any person who breaks or resists nature's law, by not providing for himself, shall have a provision made for him by our Poor-Law, from the pockets of all other people, rich or poor alike, who lay something by for themselves, and do not choose to be dependent."

Of course the most inexperienced, the most ignorant, and the most idle, are the people most likely to lay that bad, false lesson to heart. Most of them do it when young, and spend every farthing in the only part of their life when the poorest have a fair chance of "saving" any thing at all. We shall come again upon this subject. I have only touched it here to set my readers thinking how very much is contained in the common word "savings," and what a commentary on our English national improvidence, its temptations and its perils, is found in the linguistic fact that such

unspent earnings as other nations call "sparing" from present enjoyment, we have learned to call *savings* from the very furnace of waste.

#### VII.—NEED OF SECURITY FOR SAVINGS.

Thrift, and the providence it makes possible, does not originate in mere spasms of saving. It is the child of systematic self-denial, and habit is its foster-mother.

Of course it may be said that if a poor man be left a thousand pounds unexpectedly, he will for the moment be thriving; and if he *secure* thereby a future weekly payment for all his life of, say, fifteen shillings, by placing the whole capital out of his own reach for possible waste, and spending only the interest, he will be *provided*. But to *thrive* and be *provided* are, after all, not quite the same thing as to be *thrifty* and *provident*. The former terms refer to a man's condition, the latter to his character. The one pair describe a state, the other imply a habit.

And the thousand pounds left him was, some time and in somebody's hands, the fruit of such a habit of thrift and providence as I have indicated. Comparatively, very few receive these sudden windfalls—so wonderfully few, that to trust one's future independence to the chance of doing so would be utter madness. So any one of common sense must see that, instead of expecting a provision from the thrift of other people, his best hope of securing it lies in cultivating a habit of thrift of his own.

We will suppose, therefore, that he does so—that he wants to be really independent as well as provided, and sets about to secure that noble object by self-denial and thrift. He ceases to spend his whole income; he establishes a systematic surplus fund, however little. He wishes to make this safe and profitable. How is it to be done?

This opens the whole question of credit. The man has his daily work to do, and though skilled in that work, though he can plough or delve, though he can follow a trade, manage a machine, handle his familiar tools, the dealing with money to make it more is entirely out of his way; he must trust that hardly-earned and hardly-spared capital to some one else who understands its handling.

Poor thrifty men in every age have suffered great loss by mistakes in this direction. While understanding that money used grows into more, as grain sown multiplies grain, many, in trying to make their savings profitable, have failed to make them safe. And the poor man's risk, just from his inexperience of such matters, has been always greater than the rich man's, who, having much more money to deal with, and more experience, is less likely to be deceived and robbed.

#### VIII.—THE POST-OFFICE SAVINGS BANK.

So the State has now provided a perfectly sound credit for the poor man's thrift. At almost every post-office in the kingdom the poor man's money (up to £30 in any one year) will be kept safe for him by the State, and allowed to grow by slow degrees. So long as he is willing to leave his

money in the nation's charge it is as perfectly and completely *safe* as any investment in the world.

Till lately, however, the Post-office Savings Bank, though a safe and excellent method of securing savings, was very inconvenient for two reasons: firstly, not less than one shilling at a time would be received by the Post Office; secondly, the waste of time in going to the post-office in order to make the deposit was too much for poor people whose "time was money."

The effect of these two difficulties was to prevent a great deal of small savings, for, especially among the poor, spare shillings are not nearly so often possessed as spare pence, and the spare pence are too often spent, either as being too small a sum to put in the bank, or because the time spent in going to deposit them might be of more value than the pence themselves.

For this reason a new and admirable "Aid to Thrift" was offered by the Post Office. It could

not lower the amount of the deposit below a shilling, as the cost of such very small transactions would be too great; but it invited the people to save their spare pennies themselves till they amounted to a shilling, and then to pay them in.

This is done by the "Savings Slip"—a piece of paper on which any one who has a spare penny may stick a penny stamp, and repeat the process till the shilling's worth be made up. The Post Office then acknowledges the filled slip as a shilling deposit to the owner's account. Any number of these slips may be filled up and retained till it be the owner's convenience to pay them in at the post-office. Thus the thrifty person's time is economised, and he relieves the Post Office authorities from the too costly work of registering a multitude of very small transactions. This new method has been of great use in cases where means for payments into Penny Banks were not at hand.

## THE VIOLIN.

"TO perfect that wonder of travel, the locomotive, has perhaps not required the expenditure of more mental strength and application, than to perfect that wonder of music, the violin." So says Mr. Gladstone, and he is by no means the only great thinker who has paid a tribute of admiration to the instrument which, of all others, is such a universal source of delight. Dr. Johnson once declared: "There is nothing, I think, in which the power of art is shown as much as in playing on the fiddle. In all other things we can do something at first; any man will forge a bar of iron if you give him a hammer; not so well as a smith, but tolerably; and make a box, though a clumsy one; but give him a fiddle and a fiddlestick, and he can do nothing."

That this reflection was not the result of musical enthusiasm on the part of the learned doctor may be readily inferred from his remark on another occasion, when a friend of his, drawing his attention to the performance of a celebrated solo-player, told him how difficult it was. "Difficult do you call it, sir?" replied the doctor; "I wish it were *impossible*." Johnson owned to Boswell that he was very insensible to the power of music; still it is hard to believe that the magic tones of the king of instruments never charmed him, when we read his epitaph on Philips, the Welsh violinist:—

"Philips, whose touch harmonious could remove  
The pangs of guilty power or hapless love,  
Rest here, distressed by poverty no more;  
Here find the calm thou gav'st so oft before;  
Sleep undisturbed within this peaceful shrine,  
Till angels wake thee with a note like thine!"

There are people in the world who make light of fiddles, and cannot conceive why such a simple contrivance should be thought so much of; but

then there are also people who make light of a fine poem or a great picture; people, in fact, to whom every work of art is a sealed book. No doubt a taste for fiddles, like a taste for poetry, is in a great measure the result of cultivation; yet the music of the one can thrill with pleasure the most unlettered toiler, just as the rhythm and ring of the other will oftentimes go straight to his heart. Indeed, without this innate sense of harmony cultivation is useless, there being nothing to cultivate. Lady Bell Finch is said to have told George III that she had heard there was some difference between a psalm, a minuet, and a country dance, but they all seemed alike to her. Lady Bell would probably have listened unmoved to the sweetest sounds that ever came from a genuine "Strad.," and she would certainly have thought its owner mad, had she lived in these times, and heard the price set upon his treasure. Many more musical listeners, however, than her unmusical ladyship, little know the immense value of the small instrument which some great player seems to caress in so affectionate a manner, watch so tenderly, and put to bed so carefully. If the performer is using his favourite fiddle, the probability is that the mellow notes have issued from it centuries ago; and just now, when the rage for the possession of a specimen by one of the famous masters is so hot, three, four, five, or even six hundred guineas would not buy the fragile Cremona.

Fiddles have not at all times fetched such high prices. There is the Stradivarius violin, for instance, known to connoisseurs as the "Betts Strad.," date 1704. This was purchased by Mr. George Hart, a few years ago, for eight hundred guineas. Some seventy years since it was bought by Arthur Betts, the violin-maker, for a sovereign; and he declined all offers of sale, though the then

unprecedented sum of five hundred guineas was tendered.

But the violin has a stronger claim upon our respect than the fact that it is sometimes literally worth its weight in gold. It comes of an ancient family, and may be described as a growth rather than an invention. It is the representative of many bygone musical mediums, and the survival of the fittest. From the confused *nebula*, so to speak, of stringed instruments hitherto in use, it emerged like a shining planet; and a suggestive coincidence is found in the fact that with the rise of modern music begins the rise of the true violin.

Rousseau, the celebrated violist, used to maintain that the viol was known to Adam, on the ground, we suppose, that Eden would be incomplete without his favourite instrument. Its earliest known ancestors, however, are the cythara, the lyre, and the lute. It is not until the sixth century that we hear of bow instruments; and although, as M. Fétis says in his "History of Music," the statue of Orpheus, holding a lyre in one hand and a bow in the other, has been cited as a proof that the ancients were acquainted with the use of the bow, a closer inquiry shows that the bow is probably due to the restorer of the statue.

When the bow did make its appearance, it formed part of the Welsh *crwth* (crooth), which curious instrument is mentioned by Venantius Fortunatus, Bishop of Poitiers. But since, from the days of Venantius to the eleventh century, we find no other record of a bow, some hold that it was introduced long after the sixth century.

The *crwth* has undergone many changes in its long life, but seems to have reached its greatest development in the thirteenth century, when it was made with six strings. The same number is on the *crwth* (date 1742) exhibited at the Special Exhibition of Ancient Musical Instruments at the South Kensington Museum. The name "*crwth*" was applied to instruments of the violin class as late as the commencement of the eighteenth century. Marston, Middleton, and Ben Jonson mention the "*crowd*." The fiddler in Butler's "*Hudibras*" is named Crowdero.

The next in order are instruments of the viol class, somewhat resembling the mandoline, having pear-shaped backs. This brings us to the fourteenth century, and the *vielle*, the *rota*, and the *rebec*. These, after many changes, gave birth to the viol played on the knee and mounted with five strings; the treble viol, also a five-stringed instrument, tuned five notes higher than the knee viol; and the bass-viol, strung with five strings and sometimes six. The violone, which is identical with our violoncello, was placed on a pedestal when played, as also the *accordo*, the double-bass of modern times, but differently arranged as regards its strings. Then there was the silvery-toned viol d'amour, which had strings of wire passing through the bridge, and tuned in unison with those passing over it; and this was probably the last of the order. It was common in musical families to have a chest of viols containing trebles, tenor, and bass. At Hengrave, for instance, there was a chest of six; and Sir Thomas More kept viols and an organ in his house.

The violoncello, as before said, was the violone of former times. In the earlier editions of "*Corelli*" the bass part is entitled violone. To Brescia, the cradle of Italian violin-making, we are indebted for the many grand double-basses and violas made there by Gaspard di Salo and Magini. For one Brescian violin there are ten double-basses or violas, a fact which would have told well for the town in the opinion of that Scottish congregation about whom an amusing anecdote is told.

Their minister, it appears, was addicted to music as his recreation, and the sounds were heard, often at night as well as by day, issuing from his study. The strange noise caused scandal among his people, who associated all instrumental music with fairs and merrymakings. At length a deputation of elders was sent to expostulate with the minister. He received them blandly; and, begging them to be seated, after hearing what they had to say, produced his violoncello. He discoursed sweet strains, sometimes solemn, sometimes cheerful, till his hearers were charmed and subdued. They murmured apologies, and after a while confessed that there could be no objection to that instrument, but they had thought that he played "*the sinfu' wee fiddle!*"

The violin—*i.e.*, small viol—seems at first to have been held in some contempt by the side of its larger and more venerable predecessors.

An extract from a pamphlet, "*Truth and Loyalty Vindicated*," by Sir Roger L'Estrange, published two years after the Restoration, will prove that in England, at all events, this was the case. Sir Roger writes:—

"Mr. Edward Bagshaw will have it that I frequently solicited a private conference with Oliver, and that I often brought my fiddle under my cloak to facilitate my entry. Surely this Sir Edward Bagshaw has been pastor to a Gravesend boat, he has a vein so right. A fiddle under my cloak! Truly my fiddle is a bass-viol, and that's somewhat a troublesome instrument under a cloak. 'Twas a great oversight he did not tell my lord to what company (of fiddlers) I belonged. Concerning the story of the fiddle, this, I suppose, might be the use of it. Being in St. James's Park, I heard an organ touched in a little low room of one Mr. Hickson's. I went in and found a private company of some five or six persons. They desired me to take up a viol and bear a part. I did so, and that a part, too, not much to advance the reputation of my coming. By-and-by, without the least colour of a design or expectation, in comes Cromwell. He found us playing, and, as I remember, so he left us."

It is evident that Sir Roger considered it derogatory to play upon the violin, and that the charge of having done so was quite as distasteful to him as that of having swerved from his Royalist fealty.

It is not clear to whom belongs the credit of reducing the viol and making from it the violin as it now exists. It has been claimed for the French on the ground that in the Italian scenes at the end of the sixteenth century, the violins are indicated under the names of "*piccoli violino alla Francese*" (little violins of the French fashion).



But turning to the Italian school, we find that Gaspar di Salo made violins, and that he worked between the years 1561—1610, therefore the violin was made out of France at the close of the sixteenth century.

It is mentioned by Weldon that when any messenger came to our Queen Elizabeth from James, he was sure, on lifting up the hangings, to find her dancing to a little fiddle "affectedly," that he might tell his master her youthful disposition, and how unlikely it was he would come to the throne.

Once introduced, the superiority of the violin over the viol soon obtained for it the preference; the "sinfu' wee fiddle" came, rapidly to the fore, and from then until now has held its own as the instrument which of all others lends itself most readily to the caprice of the player, answering his every mood with an expression and power little short of marvellous. The organ has sustained tone without accent, the piano accent without sustained tone, the violin accent and sustained tone at will, uniting all the sensibility of the human voice with more than its compass, execution, and variety.

And notwithstanding its apparent simplicity, the violin is a marvel of construction. Made of no less than fifty-eight separate pieces, its great acoustic properties are chiefly due to the adoption of several varieties of wood for the different parts. The old makers differed, too, in their manner of cutting the wood. Sometimes they made the back in one piece, technically known as a "whole back;" sometimes in two parts; sometimes they adopted the cutting known as the "slab back." Andrew Amati invariably gave this form the preference. Joseph Guarnerius made a few violins of his best epoch in the same way; but Stradivarius rarely adopted it.

At Brescia the wood used was that of the pear, lemon, and ash; at Cremona, maple, sycamore, and of course pine.

"The instrument on which he played  
Was in Cremona's workshop made  
By a great master of the past,  
Ere yet was lost the art divine;  
Fashioned of maple and of pine,  
That in Tyrolian forests vast  
Had rocked and wrestled with the blast;  
Exquisite was it in design,  
A marvel of the luteist's art,  
Perfect in each minutest part;  
And in its hollow chamber, thus,  
The maker from whose hands it came  
Had written his unrivalled name—  
'Antonius Stradivarius.'"—*Longfellow*.

Cut strips of wood and strike them, you will hear how they vary in musical sound. By comparing the intensity and quality of tone produced by each sample of wood, sycamore has been found to surpass the rest. The old Cremonese makers seem to have adhered chiefly to the use of sycamore or maple for the backs of their violins; for the bellies they chose the finest description of pine. When a good acoustic beam was obtained, the master carefully kept it for his best work. In Joseph Guarnerius and in Stradivarius the same

pine-tree crops up at intervals of years, and such makers would patch, join, and inlay to retain every particle of tried timber. The selection of material was evidently considered by them of prime importance; in no other way can we account for the vast expenditure of care and toil over their work, pierced as it frequently is like mosaic, when a trifling outlay would have purchased fresh wood and obviated such a task. In the knowledge gained in this branch of their art, and in the efficacy of their famous varnish, rests the secret which has contributed most to the Italian success, and rendered the Cremonese unequalled in the manufacture of violins.

That no other instrument has gained an equal ascendancy over its votaries is admitted on all sides. Listen while some connoisseur or maker talks of its constituent parts. One could almost imagine it was no mere combination of lifeless material, but shared in some mysterious way the organism of its human fashioner.

We hear of the back, the belly, the sides, the ribs, the neck, the head: and when we are further told that the sound-bar is the nervous system of the violin, and the sound-post (which regulates the pulsations of sound) is the soul, we begin to comprehend the extravagance of feeling that led Tarisio, for instance, on the storm-tossed waves of the Bay of Biscay, to hold his own existence as nothing compared with the safety of his cherished fiddle. Mr. George Hart, in his interesting book on the violin,\* published a few years since, tells a tale of another devotee at the same shrine.

The owner of a charming Stradivarius had occasion to submit the much-prized possession to the judgment of a well-known fiddle-doctor on account of a slight derangement of its interior. Before the coverlet was removed from the patient, the doctor was soundly lectured and catechised as to the system he adopted in his healing profession. Having passed through this ordeal satisfactorily, the coverlet was lifted and the instrument given over to the repairer, who was then finally cautioned and implored to handle it tenderly.

The examination began with gentle taps upon the chest of the invalid, these being, in the case of a fiddle patient, equivalent to the use of the stethoscope on ordinary mortals. The taps were given in rapid succession until a weakness showed itself, when the doctor announced that "there was no help for it, the belly must come off." With great reluctance the owner consented. He resolved to remain by the violin during the operation, painful though it would be to his own feelings. Seating himself, he viewed the ominous preparations with the utmost concern. At length all was ready, but no sooner did the knife begin its work, than a piteous groan escaped the violin's loving master, followed by shriek after shriek as the crackling sound relentlessly went on; and when, upon the completion of the harrowing operation, the doctor turned to exhibit the interior of the instrument, he found to his astonishment that his patron had actually swooned!

\* "The Violin: its famous Makers and their Imitators." By George Hart. (London: Dulau and Co., 37, Soho Square. 1875.)

This reads like burlesque, and all such exaggerated sentiment may be fairly put down as the result of that narrow and distorted view to which many lovers of art, persistently bending the whole powers of the mind to one point alone, are prone, thus often calling forth sneers instead of admiration. After all, a fiddle is a fiddle, and dumb without the human brain and human hand from which the music flows, the ear which receives it, and the invisible air whose waves carry it. Surely in these there is something a thousand times more wonderful than in the finest cremona ever made.

It is worthy of remark that the violin, in form and general construction, has hitherto baffled all attempts to force it into the "march of progress," but vast improvements in stringing have been effected within the last thirty years. Upon the strings, in a great measure, the successful regulation of the instrument depends. Musical strings are made in Italy, Germany, France, and England. The German strings now rank next to the Italian, Saxony being the seat of manufacture. The French take the third place, and England supplies all qualities, but chiefly the cheaper kinds.

The cause of this variation in quality arises simply from the difference of climate. Italy owes her pre-eminence to the fact that there an important part of the process of manufacture is carried

on in the open air, and the beautiful climate effects that which has to be done artificially in other countries. Southern Germany adopts, to some extent, similar means in making strings, France to a less degree, while England is obliged to rely solely on artificial processes.

A popular error in connection with the strings of the violin has not unnaturally arisen from the name "catgut," why bestowed on them it is not easy to say. We suspect that the name points to the sounds sometimes. Whether puss had originally anything to do with the manufacture does not appear, but certainly it is not to her we owe the raw material now. Strings are made from the intestines of the sheep and the goat, chiefly of the former. The best qualities are obtained from the intestines of the lamb, the strength of which is very great compared with those of a sheep more than a year old. Strength is needful, our readers will allow, when they hear that the pressure of the four strings on the violin is equal to about ninety pounds. This fact alone proves the mechanical ingenuity displayed in the construction of an instrument which, itself barely weighing two pounds, is able to support so great a tension. The violin, we know, has in several instances immortalised its maker. In our next paper we will turn our attention to some of these rare old masters of the craft

## SAILORS AND THEIR SUPERSTITIONS.

BY THE REV. THISELTON DYER.

SAILORS, although usually the bravest men, have from time immemorial been noted for their credulity, and every literature contains evidence of the multiplicity of their superstitions, and of the tenacity with which they cling to them. It may be questioned, however, whether as a class they are really more superstitious than landsmen, the only difference, perhaps, being that their isolation, consequent from their connection with the sea, gives them a distinctive character which otherwise they would not possess. Their history, too, dating from the most remote period in the annals of the world, has naturally invested them with a peculiar interest in this and other countries. And hence we find, scattered here and there, many a curious account recorded by travellers of their customs and peculiarities, to give a detailed *résumé* of which would occupy a volume of considerable size. Indeed, as Reginald Scott has truly remarked in his "Discovery of Witchcraft," "innumerable are the reports of accidents unto such as frequent the seas, as fishermen and sailors, who discourse of noises, flashes, shadows, echoes, and other visible appearances, nightly seen and heard upon the surface of the water."

Commencing, then, with their omens. These are of a very extensive character, being derived from a variety of sources. Thus, amongst the animals which enter into the sailor's folk-lore may be noticed the cat, which is the object of many an odd belief. In the neighbourhood of

Scarborough, for instance, we are told how a few years ago sailors' wives were in the habit of keeping black cats to ensure the safety of their husbands at sea. This consequently so increased their value that few persons could keep them, as they were nearly always stolen. Very many sailors, too, object to having cats on board, and whenever one happens to be more frisky than usual they have a saying that "the cat has got a gale of wind in her tail." It is, also, a firm notion that the throwing of a cat overboard will bring on a storm. Fielding, in "A Voyage to Lisbon" (1775), says: "The kitten at last recovered, to the great joy of the good captain, but to the great disappointment of some of the sailors, who asserted that the drowning of a cat was the very surest way of raising a favourable wind."

A dead hare on board a ship is considered a sign of an approaching storm; and the Cornish fishermen affirm that, when a white hare is seen hovering about the quays at night, rough weather is at hand. The Filey fishermen hesitate to go to sea on any day when they have either seen or met a pig early in the morning. Again, when rats forsake a ship it is regarded by the sailors as a bad sign, being supposed to indicate misfortune of some kind or other to the vessel. This superstition, it may be remembered, is noticed by Shakespeare in the "Tempest," in that graphic passage where Prospero, describing the vessel in which himself and daughter had been placed, with the

view to their certain destruction at sea, narrates how

"They hurried us aboard a bark;  
Bore us some leagues to sea; where they prepared  
A rotten carcass of a boat, not rigged,  
Nor tackle, sail, nor mast; the very rats  
Instinctively had quit it."

This superstition is probably one of considerable antiquity.

The "Shipping Gazette" of April, 1869, contained a communication, entitled "A Sailor's Notion about Rats," from which we quote the following passage: "It is a well-authenticated fact that rats have often been known to leave ships in the harbour previous to their being lost at sea. Some of those wiseacres who want to convince us against the evidence of our senses will call this superstition." The fact, however, that rats do sometimes migrate from one ship to another, or from one barn or corn-stack to another, from various causes, ought to be quite sufficient to explain such a superstition.\*

A story is told of a cunning Welsh captain who wanted to get rid of rats which infested his ship, then lying in the Mersey at Liverpool. Having found out that there was a vessel laden with cheese in the basin, he drew alongside of her about dusk, and leaving all his hatches open, quietly waited till the rats were in his neighbour's ship, when he moved off.

The appearance of certain birds near a ship is looked upon by sailors as ominous—a source of superstition as old as the time of Aristophanes, who tells us how the Greek sailors paid heed to such signs:—

"From birds, in sailing, men instructions take,  
Now lie in port, now sail, and profit make."

Thus the "stormy petrel" is said to presage bad weather, and, according to Pennant, cautions the seamen of the approach of a tempest by collecting under the sterns of the ships. The same writer, also, tells us that the great auk is a bird observed by seamen never to wander beyond soundings; and taking notice of its appearance, "they direct their measures, being then assured that land is not very remote." Another bird associated with the sailor's folk-lore is the kingfisher, for it was a common notion prevalent in years gone by that, during the days this bird was engaged in hatching her eggs, the sea remained so calm that the sailor might venture upon it without incurring risk of storm or tempest; hence this period was known as the "halcyon days." In Wild's "Iter Boreale" it is thus alluded to:—

"The peaceful kingfishers are met together  
About the decks, and prophesy calm weather."

Sea-gulls, again, are considered ominous; and whenever they leave the open sea, and hover near land, sailors know that they may soon expect tempestuous weather. In Scotland there is a rhyme on the subject:—

"Sea-gull, sea-gull, sit on the sand;  
It's never good weather when you're on the land."

A curious instance of a belief in bird-omens occurred in the year 1857, in connection with the sinking of the ship *Central America*, and the rescue of forty-nine of the passengers and crew by Captain Johnson, of the Norwegian barque *Ellen*, who, on his arrival at New York, made the following extraordinary statement: "Just before six o'clock in the afternoon of September 12th, I was standing on the quarter-deck, with two others of the crew at the same time, besides the man at the helm. Suddenly a bird flew round me, first grazing my right shoulder. Afterwards it flew round the vessel, then it again commenced to fly around my head. It soon flew at my face, when I caught hold of it and made it a prisoner. The bird was unlike any bird I ever saw, nor do I know its name. The colour of its feathers was a dark iron-grey; its body was a foot and a half in length, with wings three and a half feet from tip to tip. It had a beak full eight inches long, and a set of teeth like a small hand-saw. In capturing the bird it gave me a good bite on my right thumb. Two of the crew who assisted in tying its legs were also bitten. As it strove to bite everybody, I had its head afterwards cut off and the body thrown overboard. When the bird flew to the ship the barque was going a little north of north-east. I regarded the appearance of the bird as an omen, and an indication to me that I must change my course. I accordingly headed to the eastward direct. I should not have deviated from my course had not the bird visited the ship; and had it not been for this change of course I should not have fallen in with the forty-nine passengers, whom I fortunately saved from certain death."\*

Again, sailors are in the habit of deriving sundry omens from marine animals. Porpoises, for example, when observed to sport and chase one another about a ship, are generally supposed to foretell rough and tempestuous weather. An interesting illustration of this piece of folk-lore is mentioned by Shakespeare in "Pericles," where one of the fishermen, speaking of the storm, says, "Nay, master; said not I as much when I saw the porpus how he bounced and tumbled?" A further reference occurs in Wilsford's "Nature's Secrets": "Porpoises, or sea-hogs, when observed to sport and chase one another about ships, expect then some stormy weather."

Passing on to omens of a different kind, we may notice, in the next place, that it is considered by sailors highly unlucky to carry a dead body on board, such an occurrence, it is said, being frequently attended with disastrous results. Fuller, in his "Holy Warre," speaking of this superstition, relates how the body of St. Louis "was carried into France, there to be buried, and was most miserably tossed, it being observed that the sea cannot digest the crudity of a dead corpse, being a due debt to be interred where it dieth, and a ship cannot abide to be made a bier of." Most readers are doubtless acquainted with that well-known passage in "Pericles" where, on the supposed death of Thaisa, when at sea, one of

\* Hardwick's "Traditions, Superstitions, and Folk-lore." 1872. p. 251.

\* Quoted by Mr. Jones in his "Credulities, Past and Present." 1880. pp. 12, 13.



the sailors says to Pericles, "Sir, your queen must overboard; the sea works high, the wind is loud, and will not lie till the ship be cleared of the dead." To which Pericles answers, "That's your superstition." Whereupon the sailor adds, "Pardon us, sir. With us at sea it hath been still observed, and we are strong in custom. Therefore briefly yield her, for she must overboard straight." Just as lucky, on the other hand, is the presence of a baby's caul on board ship, it being supposed by sailors to avert tempest and shipwreck. The price, therefore, asked for this invaluable preservative has been known to vary from twenty to thirty guineas. As an illustration, we may quote the following advertisement from the "Times" newspaper of June 2nd, 1835: "A child's caul to be disposed of; a well-known preservative against drowning, etc. Price, ten guineas." Also, "To Mariners, etc. To be sold, a child's caul, price fifteen guineas." In the "Western Daily News," of Plymouth, as recently as February 9th, 1867, we find a notice to mariners, offering, as "a safeguard at sea, a child's caul for five guineas." It has generally, too, been held of high importance that the caul should be in a perfect condition, a mutilated one not being equally efficacious.

Whistling at sea is considered by sailors unlucky, as it is commonly supposed to raise an unfavourable wind, although, we are told, they sometimes practise it when there is a dead calm. A whistling woman is regarded by the seafaring population of the coast of Yorkshire with special dread; and some years ago, when a party of friends were going on board a vessel at Scarborough, the captain created no small astonishment by persistently declining to allow one of them to enter it. "Not that young lady," he said; "she whistles!" By a curious coincidence the vessel was lost on her next voyage. So, had the poor girl set foot on it, the misfortune would no doubt have been ascribed to her. On one occasion, when a sailor was asked what objection there could be to his whistling, he was told, "We only whistle while the wind is asleep, and then the breeze comes." Amongst the numerous other omens in which the sailor puts his faith, we are told that it is held very unlucky to lose a water-bucket or a mop; and formerly there was a strong objection to any one cutting his hair or nails except during a storm, a superstition which is as old as the time of Juvenal. Another superstition still much credited is the ill-luck of pointing with the finger to a ship when at sea; and, to counteract the evil consequences, the whole hand should be raised up.

Sailors, again, as is well known, have a great antipathy to commencing a voyage on a Friday, and even although the weather and tide may be exceptionally in their favour, they prefer to postpone setting sail till the following day. Thus, as Southey justly remarks, many a good ship has lost that tide which might have led to fortune because the captain and the crew thought it unlucky to begin their voyage on a Friday. In this respect, however, they are not different from other classes, there being in most countries a widespread aversion to this day. Indeed, in France this

superstition is carried to such an extravagant height, that not only is the number of travellers by rail much smaller than on other days, but the difference is also materially felt in the receipts of the omnibuses. That this superstition retains its hold on the seafaring community was proved in the year 1871, when, in consequence of the loss of the ill-fated turret-ship Captain, which had left port on a Friday, the Agincourt, in order to satisfy the clamour of the crew, did not leave Gibraltar on the presumed fatal day. The departure of the last-named war-ship on the Saturday did not prevent her striking on the "Pearl Rock" a short time afterwards. This fact, as Mr. Hardwick has pointed out in his "Traditions and Superstitions" (p. 115), "might perhaps stagger Jack's faith for a moment; but superstition is tougher than actual experience in many of its phases, and Friday will still be a black-letter day in the sailor's calendar." Even at the present day, too, many a sailor shudders to commence his voyage if he should happen to sneeze on the left side at the moment of embarking; whereas to sneeze on the right side is thought to betoken a favourable voyage. It is considered, moreover, a very unlucky occurrence if any one accidentally numbers the sailors on board—on the same principle, no doubt, that many persons have a superstitious dread of counting their gains. In Scotland the sailors have a great dislike to being asked, before starting on a journey, to what place they are going. And Mr. Gregor tells us, in his "Folk-lore of the North-east of Scotland" (p. 98), that formerly, if "a fisherman, on proceeding to sea, was asked where he was bound for, he would have put out with the thought that he would have few or no fish that day, or that some disaster would befall him."

The notion that the weather changes with the moon's quarters is another firm article of the sailor's creed. Various omens, also, are drawn from its appearance. Thus, in the north of England, when the moon is surrounded by a halo with watery clouds, the seamen predict that there will be rain before many hours have passed, as, to use their own phrase, "the moon-dogs are about." Whenever, too, a planet or large star is seen near the moon, which they designate as "a big star dogging the moon," wild and boisterous weather is said to be coming on. Some years ago a correspondent of "Notes and Queries" informs us that a fisherman of Torquay told him, after a violent gale, that he had foreseen the storm, as he had observed one star ahead of the moon, towing her, and another astern chasing her. Again, when the horns of the moon appear to point upwards, it is said to be like a boat, and, according to the sailor's weather-lore, its position betokens fine weather, for, as they say, "you might hang your hat upon it!" The subjoined rhyme describes a further superstition formerly current amongst sailors of the sixteenth century:—

"I saw the new moon late yestreen  
With the old moon in her arm,  
And if we go to sea, master,  
I fear we'll come to harm."

Alluding to other items of the sailor's weather-

lore, we find various rhymes associated with the clouds, as, for instance, the following :—

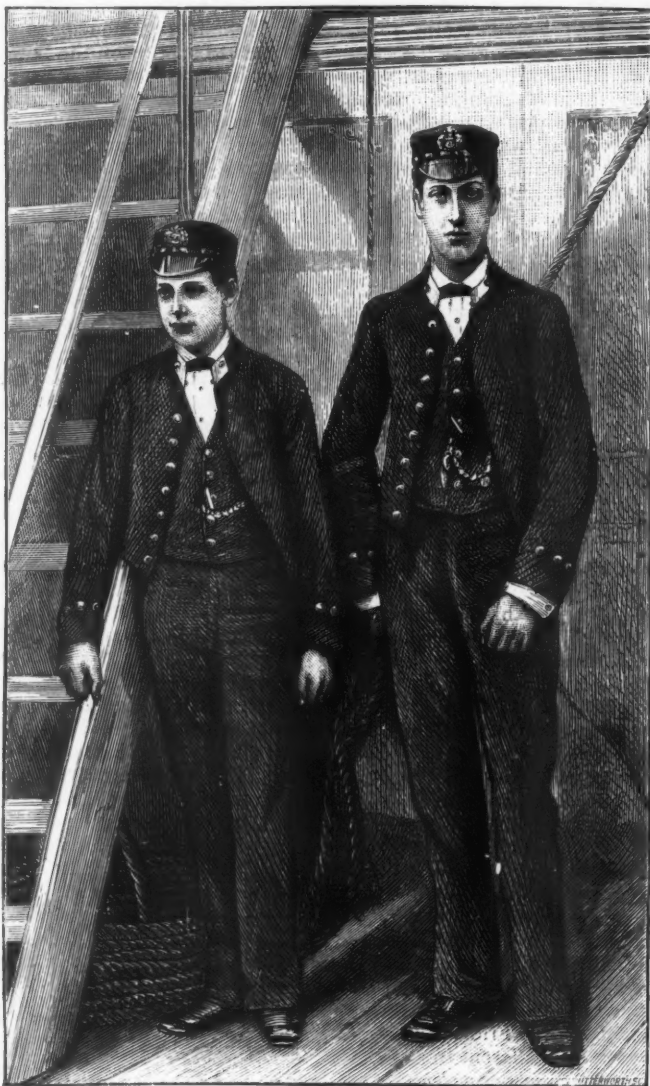
"If clouds look as if scratched by a hen,  
Get ready to reef your topsails then"—

the allusion being to those light clouds which are supposed to resemble the scratches of hens on the ground. Fleecy mackerel clouds, too, they always mistrust, for the same reason that landmen say they foretell weather "neither long wet nor long dry." In the east of Scotland it was once customary in each village, when the fishing-boats were going out, for an aged, experienced man to get up in the morning and examine the sky, and from its appearance prognosticate the weather for

that day. If the weather promised to be good he went the round of the village to awaken the inmates. In doing this great attention was paid to the "first foot," or first person met. In every village there were to whom was attached the stigma of having an "ill-fut." Such were dreaded, and shunned, if possible, in setting on business.

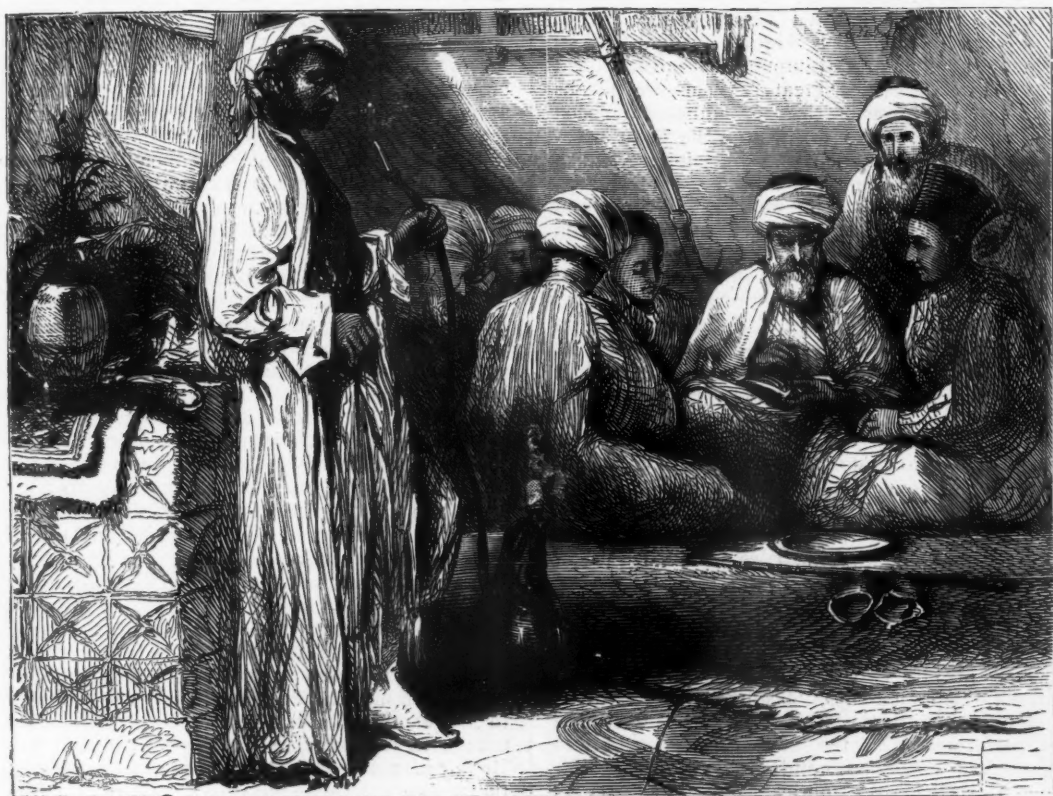
Lastly, the office of protector of sailors, attributed in ancient times to Neptune, was afterwards transferred to St. Nicholas, who is related, on the occasion of making a voyage to the Holy Land, to have caused by his prayers a tempest to assuage, and at another time to have personally appeared to and saved some mariners who had invoked his assistance.

#### THE ROYAL MIDSHIPMEN ON BOARD H.M.S. "BACCHANTE."



From a Photograph by J. Hubert Newman, Sydney.

## COFFEE.



COFFEE-HOUSE IN CAIRO.

LIKE tea and sugar and tobacco, coffee fought its way to regard through a host of contending enemies. Soon after, by happy accident, the mode became known of changing its active principles into the material of one of the "cups that cheer but not inebriate," by the simple process of roasting, opponents sprang up and began to inveigh against it. In some part of the Koran it seems a prohibition may be found against eating any material that has been burned to coal, and certain learned Dervishes, having evolved from their inner consciousness that the operation of coffee-roasting was a sort of carbonisation, a fierce declamation against coffee originated amongst certain of the faithful on that ground. This took place at Constantinople; and there is reason to suspect that the objection, nominally religious, was in effect political, for whilst public coffee-houses came under the official ban, the drink continued to gain ground in private Turkish families, the expounders of Moslem faith not there opposing it.

Under such unfavourable auspices did coffee-

drinking dawn upon the Turks. Coffee was to win its way amongst the Osmanlis, for all that. How complete the winning may be inferred from the fact that the denial to a Turkish married lady of a sufficient quantity of coffee is now held to constitute fair ground of divorce.

Those most rigid expounders of Moslem faith, the Wahabees of central Arabia, a sect that regards tobacco-smoking as a greater crime than murder, not only drink coffee, but use larger coffee-cups than elsewhere in Arabia; so inevitable is it, as Mr. Palgrave, the Arabian traveller observes, that when men or communities are debarred the use of some one stimulant, they adopt some other.

No religious objection that we have heard of lay against coffee-drinking amongst Christians indeed. Neither has any great divine pronounced against its use, as John Wesley did against tea. But it had to fight, or win its way, against other prejudices. Here in England, and in the reign of Charles II, coffee-houses were for a season shut up, under the belief or the pretence that they were strongholds of treason; and, when the English



coffee-houses were reopened, a prejudice was sought to be established against the novel beverage because of some imputed hurtfulness. In Sweden the opposition was peculiarly strong, and it would even seem by inference that Linnæus was amongst the opponents. At any rate, we find in the "*Amœnitates Academicæ*," conducted by Linnæus himself, a thesis entitled "*Potus Coffeæ*," that had been delivered by a Swedish student, and in which a number of evil imputations are launched against coffee. The great Linnæus, we may as well remember, was passionately addicted to cocoa and chocolate. Could it be that the great naturalist was not great enough to concede, in Swedish regard, a place to any new drink but his own?

When coffee found its way into Europe, and for a long time subsequent, great mystification prevailed, not only as to the precise locality of its origin, but the precise tree, shrub, or herb that bore it. As to locality, the prevalent belief was then as now, that coffee of Red Sea coast origin came from Yemen in Arabia. The probability is, however, that the coffee was of Abyssinian growth, and, according to Mr. Palgrave, almost all the so-called Mocha which now finds its way to Western Europe is of Abyssinian growth. The real Yemen-grown coffee, he explains, hardly ever gets beyond Constantinople; and even there a first-class sample of this variety is hardly ever obtainable through the ordinary commercial channels. Mr. Palgrave says that the bales of real Yemen, or Mocha coffee, before reaching the harbours of Alexandria, Jaffa, and Beyrouth, for further exportation, have been sifted and resifted grain by grain, the finest berries having been carefully picked out by experienced fingers. "I have myself," deponent says, "been times out of number an eye-witness of this sifting; the operation is performed with the utmost seriousness and scrupulous exactness, reminding me of the diligence ascribed to American diamond-searchers when scrutinising the torrent sands for their minute but precious treasure."

Although the very best coffee is the growth of the province of Yemen, on the West Arabian Coast, yet, on the authority of Schehabeddin, an Arabian author of the fifteenth century, his countrymen learned the use of coffee from the Persians, who would seem to have obtained it from Abyssinia. The tale goes that one Gem Aleddin, a Mufti of Aden, having had occasion to travel into Persia, during his abode there saw some of his countrymen drinking coffee, which at the time he did not much attend to; but on his return to Aden, finding himself indisposed, and remembering that he had seen his countrymen drinking coffee in Persia, he determined to try it on himself. So he drank coffee and improved in health. His headache was relieved, his spirits were enlivened, and, without prejudice to his constitution, he was more wakeful than of yore. Taking the hint, he recommended it to the Dervishes, who had to pass the night in prayer. It was effectual; the coffee-drinking Dervishes never more went napping. The fame of coffee spread among the learned ranks of Arabia; lawyers and men of letters adopted it; then followed tradesmen and artisans. The cus-

tom became general at Aden, and thence throughout Arabia. So much did his countrymen like coffee, our author remarks, that they left off drinking the infusion of a herb called in their language *cat*, which by some has been surmised to be tea. The same author remarks that it had not long been drunk in Persia, but from time immemorial in Ethiopia (Abyssinia).

The inhabitants of Mecca at length grew so inordinately fond of coffee that they assembled in crowds to drink it. To make the time pass more agreeably they played chess; they danced, sang; amusing themselves in many ways opposed to the precepts of their religion. "The cup that cheers and not inebriates" was a designation that did not apply to coffee in those times, if Arab records are to be implicitly believed. It seems to have got into the heads of those easily excitable Arabians like wine or spirit, and made them actually "fuddled." So there, in some parts of Arabia, rigid Mohammedans began to disapprove of coffee. They would have repressed it. Vain endeavour; coffee was to prevail. Thence from Arabia coffee-drinking progressed. Syria, Damascus, and Aleppo received it unopposed. Turkey adopted the custom next, coffee-drinking at Constantinople having been first established in 1554, during the reign of Solymán the Great, just one hundred years after its introduction to Arabia by the Mufti of Aden.

Not in a less degree to Turkish than to Arabian taste did coffee prove congenial. Coffee-houses being established, to them flocked Turks of many callings and of almost every degree. Persons of first rank—officers of the seraglio, pachas even—went there. Coffee-houses were filled and mosques deserted. This was not to be borne. Dervishes murmured, mollahs declaimed. Was it less a sin to frequent coffee-houses than taverns? they asked; then answering for themselves, said no. By fair means or foul those learned men resolved that coffee should be put down. Then came the dogma about the sinfulness of eating a thing that had been burnt to coal. "Let all coffee-houses be shut and no one more drink coffee!" Such was the decree which Constantinopolitan divisional police from A to Z were ordered to see carried out. The Turkish chief of those days must have mourned the incompetence of his prætorian bands. Turks not drink coffee? Ay, come what would, drink it they would. It seems that Solymán the Great had some 'cute adviser at his Majesty's Board of Inland Revenue, for the resolve was come to that since coffee-drinking was too strong for the law and could not be put down, the next best thing would be to license coffee-houses, imposing a heavy tax.

Unfortunately this decree, so prudent as a mere secular matter of financial economics, was opposed, as we have seen, to a certain precept of Mohammedan law—the "*burnt-coal precept*," as one may call it. Well, the mollahs were again consulted. The ins and outs of coffee-drinking were referred to a sort of Turkish parliamentary select committee. Evidence was tendered and counsel were heard. The whole particulars of coffee culture, roasting, brewing, were set forth, and perhaps (though I find no mention of it in any autho-

rities) carefully transcribed by the copying clerks of some Turkish Mr. Spottiswoode (there was no Turkish printing then) into a Turkish blue-book. The result was commensurate with the trouble encountered. The whole history of this remarkable investigation proves, if proof were needed, how advantageous it is to sift evidence thoroughly before coming to conclusions. More than one coffee-roaster, of character unimpeachable and great experience, having testified that gentle roasting, not burning to coal, was the proper thing to do, then, of course, religious objection vanished. On the highest Turkish ecclesiastical authority it stood henceforth attested that to drink coffee made from berries roasted—mind, not burnt to coal—was allowable. And so, from that time to this, the drinking of coffee by Turks has gone resolutely on, but not always pleasantly.

It is a curious fact that the very same charge alleged against London coffee-houses in the reign of our Charles II, that they fostered seditious debate, was also alleged against coffee-houses of Egypt and Turkey. Turkish politicians resorting to the coffee-houses soon got into the habit of speaking more freely on public affairs than pleased the Government. At length the abuse came to such a pass that the Grand Vizier Kupruli suppressed them all during the minority of Mohammed the Fourth. There must have been strong cause, for the vizier thus lost to his country's exchequer a considerable revenue. The licence exacted from each coffee-house keeper was a sequin, or about nine shillings of our money, a day, with the proviso that the price of coffee should not exceed an asper (rather more than an English halfpenny) per cup. The grand vizier acted after full deliberation. Starting out incognito on a journey of exploration, he first visited a number of taverns. In them he only met with gay young fellows, mostly soldiers. They drank strong drinks, and laughed and sang; they talked of feats of gallantry, recounted episodes of love and war, *but not one word of politics*. So, the strong drinks notwithstanding, and good Moslem though Vizier Kupruli was, the taverns he took no further notice of. But when he visited the coffee-houses incog., what a shocking sight was there! What evil words fell upon his ears! Grave sensible persons talking politics—praising, blaming, debating imperial matters with most objectionable freedom! He shut up the coffee-houses, the tax on them notwithstanding; but coffee-drinking was not to be suppressed. Itinerant coffee-vendors went about through street and market. They carried it in large copper vessels with fire under them; this was only done in Constantinople, however. In all other Turkish cities and towns there were open coffee-houses as before.

The tale of coffee introduction to France and England has been often told, yet my record might be deemed incomplete without some reference to the principal circumstances. In France, coffee-drinking was first established at Marseilles, in 1664. Coffee had not even been seen in Paris till 1669, except at M. Thevenot's and some of his friends'. Coffee was introduced sooner at London than at Paris; for in 1652 one Mr. Edwards, a

Turkey merchant, brought home with him a Greek servant whose name was Pasqua, and who opened a coffee-house in George Yard, Lombard Street.

As regards the sort of tree or other vegetable yielding coffee, nothing conclusive was known until the beginning of the last century. Up to that time the prevalent opinion was that coffee grew upon some sort of climbing vegetable, probably a convolvulus or a beanstalk. The origin of this belief was twofold. First, Arabs of the Yemen seaboard had informed travellers inquiring about coffee, that the plant grew beside tall trees, without the protection of which they could not live and thrive. Second, the coffee-berry has something so bean-like in its configuration and aspect, that in some places, and among certain people, it has won and secured for itself the name of "coffee-bean" up to this day. When Monsieur Du Four published his treatise on coffee in 1683 he inquired of Monsieur Bernier for particulars of the plant. "I cannot tell you," wrote the latter in reply, "whether coffee be a kind of bean, which is sown every year as we do ours, or the fruit of some shrub. I find nothing upon that head in my journals; but what I can assure you of is, that it must be a species of convolvulus, because I remember perfectly well to have been told that it is always planted near the mouzé, to which it clings, and so supports itself." This mouzé is a poplar-like tree, and coffee-shrubs are planted in juxtaposition, not for support, but for shade, as was stated by Monsieur La Roque in the beginning of the last century. This naturalist accompanied the second French expedition to Yemen; and, returning to France, published the first account of Arabian coffee cultivation.

The second French expedition consisted of two vessels, which dropped anchor at Mocha, December 11th, 1711, and soon after the King of Yemen, of which country Mocha is the chief seaport, fell sick. For his minister he had one who, at the time of the former expedition, had been governor of Mocha, and who had then availed himself of the medical skill of the French physicians. He extolled their talent, and advised his majesty to place himself under their care. The king acceded; accordingly a French retinue was escorted into the interior, under royal auspices and protection. The travellers kept their eyes open, and especially in all that concerned the growth of coffee. They found the coffee-plant to be neither a bean nor a convolvulus, but a large shrub, the *Coffea Arabica* of botanists, of the order *Rubiaceæ*, requiring moderate temperature, moisture, and shade, for which reason each shrub was planted close to a tall tree like a poplar in appearance, without which care it was an opinion of the Arabs that coffee-shrubs would not flourish. These were undoubtedly the great trees which Bernier had been told of, and for which he could imagine no other use than that they supported the coffee-plants, as others do the convolvuli.

The circumstance need hardly be stated that, long since coffee-culture has been extended to other countries than the places of its aboriginal growth, as Ceylon and the West Indies. Nevertheless, whether owing to soil or climate or special mode of treatment, aboriginal coffee is by far the best of all.

"It is conceded by some," Mr. Palgrave remarks, "that Abyssinian is better than Mocha or Yemen coffee;" an opinion, however, in which he by no means coincides. According to the same traveller, of all Arabia, the province of Yemen is the only one that produces excellent coffee. As for the growth of Oman, or the part of Arabia bounded by the Persian Gulf, it is said to be very bad—hardly drinkable, indeed, by any one whose palate has been accustomed to the delicate variety of which I have been writing.

It is impossible to contemplate the progress of coffee-drinking in the face of strenuous opposition, without concluding that some influence stronger than that of mere whim or taste has determined the issue. To this conclusion also points the fact that the active principles of tea, coffee, and cocoa are as to chemical composition almost, if not actually, identical. Physiologists are now, I believe, unanimous in the conclusion that tea and coffee and, *à fortiori*, cocoa and chocolate, are more than grateful solaces to the nervous system, actually conducing to blood and strength. Curiously, too, in support of these scientific deductions, is a testimony of Bruce, the celebrated Abyssinian traveller, a man suspected of drawing the traveller's long-bow at the time when his travels were written, but whose accounts of the strange things he saw in Abyssinia have since been fully verified. Bruce narrates that the Abyssinians, when starting on war excursions, and desirous of not overburdening themselves with commissariat stores, were in the habit of mingling butter and powdered coffee, rolling the compound into balls about the bigness of a billiard-ball each, and living wholly for long continuous periods on the compound. Consideration of the actual nutritive property of coffee is of

importance in establishing the dietary of gaols, union workhouses, and other institutions supplied with a fixed dietary. In laying down the food regulation of these places, the rule has been acted upon of giving all necessary food, but withdrawing all mere stimulants—in a wider sense, all nervine solaces. Accordingly it will be found—looking at the published dietaries of these places—that gruel has been made to supplant tea and coffee almost exclusively. This would seem to be physiologically wrong, as it is socially cruel. To the case of union inmates well stricken in years the charge of cruelty with fullest force applies. The quantity of tea and coffee with dry bread that certain old people—more particularly old women—will consume and thrive upon, to the exclusion of meat, would surprise anybody who had not been witness of it. There is good warranty for affirming that the digestive organs get acclimatised to particular foods and modes of living by practice, as the whole human body does to regions. People long accustomed to tea and coffee cannot well do without those more than solaces to existence.

One word now about the roasting of coffee. In England this operation is seldom conducted in private families, but is done by the coffee-roaster. Still, if coffee be desired to have the highest flavour of which it is susceptible, it should be roasted just before using. There is no difficulty in the matter. A frying-pan answers quite well; and in Germany—the Rhine provinces, at least—is mostly used for the purpose. The raw coffee being put into the pan with the least pat of butter, is set over the fire and stirred till of a delicate brown. The learned mollahs spoke well when they said that coffee should be roasted, not burned.

### Abiding for Ever.

"The earth abideth for ever."

"He that doeth the will of God abideth for ever."

Oh, steadfast earth, in peace outlasting all  
The storms of time, the stress of conflicts  
sore,

The footfalls of thine ages gone before  
No echoes give responsive to our call.  
Like summer evening winds that rise and fall,  
And die away on distant wave and shore,  
The generations pass and are no more,  
While the resounding seas unchanged extol  
Their great Creator, and the solid hills  
Remain unaltered through a thousand years.  
Oh transient human life, so soon to be  
Outlived and hidden by the life that fills  
The earth beneath, how brief the way appears  
That leads man onward to eternity!

Yet shall the day arise when from their place  
The hills shall vanish, and the heavens grown  
old  
Shall as a faded vesture be uprolled;  
When all the goodness, and strength, and grace  
Of earth shall perish from before the face  
Of Him who speaks in majesty, "Behold,  
I will make all things new;" within whose fold  
The righteous live, nor shall that day erase  
From the eternal archives of the throne  
The record of their deeds of love below.  
Beyond the mystery of that final strife,  
Beyond the voice of change or parting moan,  
The doers of His will shall rise to know  
The steadfastness of everlasting life!

MARY ROWLES.



## THE KINGS OF LAUGHTER.

BY THE REV. E. FAXTON HOOD.

### I.—THE USES OF LAUGHTER.

WE purpose, in the course of some few following chapters, to introduce our readers to the gallery of those illustrious men who have employed laughter in the service of truth, to promote the intellectual and moral health of society, to rend down absurd customs, notions, or ideas, while, at the same time, we may make such pages an opportunity for the introduction of the lighter illustrative sparrow-shot of wit and humour.

It may be supposed that all the readers of these pages have indulged in their lives, and do still occasionally indulge, in hearty laughter; but of the many millions in the world of our race who laugh, few have ever thought upon laughter as one of the divine forces of men in society, have inquired into its reasons and causes, or have noticed its great varieties. Soon after Boswell became acquainted with Johnson, in one of their evenings together at the Turk's Head, a celebrated writer of some desert was mentioned, when the Doctor said, "Why, sir, he is a man of good parts, but being originally poor he has got a love of mean company and low jocularities; a very bad thing, sir; to laugh is good as to talk is good, but you ought no more to think it enough if you laugh than you are to think it enough if you talk; you may laugh in as many ways as you talk, and surely every way of talking that is practised cannot be esteemed." This was very wisely said by our old friend Samuel, and we may presently inquire a little into the varieties of laughter, and the subject, we trust, may be neither vain nor uninteresting. "To blow a large, regular, and durable soap-bubble," says Sir John Herschel, "may become the serious occupation of a philosopher." Yes, for a soap-bubble represents some of the most curious ways, and means, and subtle forces of the universe; certainly we know there is a tradition that the venerable Sir Isaac Newton was well laughed at by a fop who saw him so engaged; the poor empty-head was little aware that the other head, with its illustrious crown of grey hairs, was engaged in making observations, and making experiments on the prismatic colours.

Much in the same way we desire to regard laughter, its causes and relations, among moral phenomena as the light soap-bubble among material phenomena. We purpose to direct our readers' attention to some of the lighter creations of the mind, which, although evanescent as bubbles, do reflect as certainly the higher solar light upon their frail forms, for there are aspects of highest wisdom in many of the forms of wit, and Divine life may, and does, shine through much which only creates laughter; poetry, harmony, and wisdom are revealed even by incongruity, and are lightened and illustrated even by ridicule.

None of our readers can, for an instant, doubt that laughter has been used repeatedly with the

high and consecrated intention of rebuking falsehood. One very eminent instance will, no doubt, instantly occur to the memory in the case of Pascal—the most illustrious Blaise Pascal—and the "Provincial Letters." That instance is very singular; it is, indeed, as if our Sir Isaac Newton were called upon to take his place among the wits and humourists of our country, for the lustre which gathers round the name of Pascal is similar to that which crowns with a pure aureole of the most sacred fame the name of Newton. He was eminent as a mathematician, illustrious as a Christian metaphysician, his name is revered as that of a saint, but when he employed his powers to controvert the demoralising doctrines of the Jesuits he did it with overwhelming irony, with a humour of almost comic vivacity. Graceful and reticent as was the play of its lambent splendours, they occasionally shot out like lightnings, so that M. Villemain, the great French critic, says of this effort, "I should admire the 'Provincial Letters' less had they not been written before Molière. Pascal anticipates the era of genuine (French) comedy."

The effect of the work was astounding. In the midst of the persecutions the friends of Pascal, Arnauld, and the noble Port Royalists were suffering, these nimble lightnings making their appearance periodically created consternation among the Provincials and in the college of the Jesuits. They attempted to reply, but that was utterly impossible, for the irony, the railery, and the wit used, the very words, quotations from the most distinguished writers of the Order, as conductors. There remained, then, for the present, only the expression of holy horror and pious grief that matters so very serious as those which the "Provincial Letters" discussed should be dealt with in such a way as to make people laugh. But this only produced the Eleventh Letter "to the Reverend Fathers of the Society of Jesus," which is especially interesting to us in connection with this paper, being a vindication of the method employed in the preceding letters, showing how errors of a ridiculous nature may be refuted by railery, showing also what are the reservations for the employment of railery, but, turning the tables again, with tremendous oversetting power, against his antagonists, by showing how some of the writers of the Order had employed their wit in a truly indecent and irreverent manner. And then this illustrious man shows that "nothing is more appropriate to folly than ridicule; that there are many things which require to be touched with levity and banter, lest we should give them too much importance by serious discussion. Flatter not yourselves, then, fathers, that you can induce the world to deem it unbecoming to resort to

raillery in its assaults upon error." "You see, then, my fathers, that raillery is sometimes proper to awaken men to a sense of their extravagance. I must tell you, reverend fathers, that the corruption of morals to which your doctrines lead requires this mode of animadversion. Shall we laugh at your folly, or lament your blindness? My conviction is, fathers, that we may at our pleasure both laugh and weep by turns, but you are so unreasonable as never to be satisfied however you are treated, whether by ridicule or by anger."

So the "Letters" went on, and the Jesuits gave up the literary conflict. There was nothing for it but to get the "Letters" condemned by the Pope; also to get the Council of State of France to decree that they should be burnt by the public executioner in Paris, which was also done by the public executioner of Aix. These decrees were carried out in the year 1657. The awkward thing about burning a book is, that it will not very well burn, and these "Letters" live yet as one of the most astonishing influences of ridicule attempting to destroy error. They constitute a great, a noble book; the laughter is most subtle; they are a set of conversations in which the fathers of the Order are quietly drawn along, and made to quote passages from the most illustrious writers of "the Society," vindicating, in the name of religion, murder, treacherous assassination, robbery, chicanery, and every miserable art of pettifoggery. The "Letters" are, no doubt, a perfect model of what the highest order of irony should be. There is nothing boisterous, extravagant, or sensational about them, still less is there anything that approaches indecency; an easy pleasantry flows over the pages, but it is nevertheless the richest humour, and the great critic whom we have already quoted, Villemain, says of them, "They abound in the sly and well-directed provocative which gives so much point to the criticism of Rabelais, the innate and salient gaiety that overflowed in Molière, and which often gilds the pages of La Sage; that perfection of wit, in short which is the play and enjoyment of superior intellects."

But with these characteristics also, there are passages in which the writer drops the humourist altogether, and soaring high into the purest empyrean, wields the lightnings of the most ardent eloquence. Pascal was one of the most distinguished Kings of Laughter. Our readers do not need to be informed that the writings and laws of the Jesuits had reconstructed morality—had, in fact, not so much *perverted* as entirely *inverted* the most sacred sanctions of moral obligation. Drollery is a word which is usually supposed not to imply the use of the highest order of wit; and yet the effect of a number of these pages can only be described as most droll. For instance, the question is discussed whether servants who are dissatisfied with their wages may increase them by taking such a portion of their master's property as they think expedient, in order to make their pay equivalent to their services? The Jesuits had decided, through one of their great fathers, that, in certain cases, they might do so. "Why, my good father," I cried, "this passage is absolutely

the history of Jean D'Alba." "What Jean D'Alba?" said the father; "who do you mean?" And then we have the recital, in a very pleasant style, of the actual story of this Jean D'Alba, a servant who had done this; had robbed a monastery apparently of some silver plate, but when arrested and taken before the magistrates, he actually read this passage from the Jesuit father, giving him the warrant for his speculation. The magistrate, however, was unable to look at the matter from the same point of view, and he sentenced this too implicit disciple to be well flogged by the common executioner before the gates of the monastery; and he also sentenced the books of the fathers which attempted to justify larceny to be burnt. Jean, however, in a marvellous manner, disappeared, so that part of the sentence was not carried out. To the horror of the father with whom the author of "The Provincial Letters" represented himself as talking, the writer says, "The anecdote afforded us much amusement. 'Amusement!—what about?' said the father; 'what do you mean?' 'It is just this,' I replied; 'you have succeeded in placing those who have adopted your doctrine quite at ease in regard to God and their own consciences. You have put them quite right with their confessors, but you have not entirely secured them on the part of the temporal authorities, in consequence of which they expose themselves to flogging and the gallows; this is really a serious defect.' 'You are right there, I confess; I feel obliged to you for the suggestion,' said the father."

Another question arises:—

"May we, without breaking our fast, drink wine at any hour we choose, and even in large quantities? 'Yes,' says the father, 'on the authority of Escobar, the great Jesuit writer, yes we may, and even of Hypocras!' 'I don't remember that Hypocras drank wine,' said I; 'I must put it down in my memoranda; but really Escobar is an excellent person.'" Escobar was certainly the great authority referred to by the Jesuits; he is one of the greatest authorities still; it is almost needless therefore to say that references to him and his authority abound in the pages of the "Provincial Letters."

A very grave question arises: "May a person who has become bankrupt retain with safe conscience such part of his property as is necessary for maintaining his family in respectability?" 'I maintain,' says the father, 'with Lessius, that he may; and that, even if it had been acquired by injustice and notorious offences; you will find the same thing in Escobar; it is right to aim at relieving the unfortunate.'"

In the course of the same discussion an interesting collateral question arises out of the pages of Escobar: "A person desires a soldier to assault one of his neighbours, or burn the barn of some one who has offended him. It is asked whether, in case of the soldier being a defaulter, the other person, at whose instance the wrong was done, ought to make it good? 'I think not,' said the father, 'for no one is bound to restitution where no wrong has been committed. Is it a wrong to ask a favour of another? Whatever the request

be, the other is at liberty to grant it or refuse. Whichever way he inclines, it is rarely of his own will; nothing induces him but his own kindness and facility. If, then, the soldier in question does not repair the injury, the other party ought not to be compelled to do it, at whose instance the innocent person has suffered the wrong.' This passage had nearly put a stop to our conversation, for I was on the point of bursting into a violent fit of laughter at the idea of 'the kindness and facility' of the supposed incendiary of the barn; and the absurd reasonings, which went to exempt from restitution the real author of the conflagration, a crime which our jurisprudence would have visited with death. But I knew if I did not restrain myself the good father would be offended, for he spoke with all seriousness."

Perhaps these extracts are sufficient to illustrate the style and method of the writer. In the same manner some of the most extraordinary doctrines of the Jesuits are laughed out of countenance; the doctrine, for instance, that souls that have no thought of God, nor of sin, nor any apprehension of punishment, are in no danger. "Heaven bless you, my father!" says the interlocutor; "happy prospect for them in this world and the next! I always thought we sinned most the less God was in our thoughts, but, as I now learn, when we have dismissed Him altogether, all things become pure for ever after; no more half-sinners, who retain some little love for virtue; your half-sinners may be all lost, but for your free-and-easy sinners, your hardened sinners, your sinners without compunction, full and complete sinners, hell will never get hold of them; they have cheated the devil by the very act of giving up themselves to him!"

In the same manner, also, the question of murder is discussed, and the distinction drawn between killing your enemy *secretly* and killing him *treacherously*. "Did I say," said the holy father, "anything about treachery? God forbid! I said you might kill him secretly, and you all at once conclude that he may be killed treacherously, as if they were the same thing. Hear what Escobar says. You see," he continued, "you don't understand even the very terms and question, and yet you affect to pronounce authoritatively on the matter."

We have implied that it was impossible such a work as this could have been written without great elevation of thought, and the occurrence of passages in which this great writer, who was styled and charged with being "a buffoon," "a merry Andrew," "an impostor," "a calumniator," "a cheat," "a heretic," "a Calvinist in disguise," "one possessed of devils," rose altogether beyond the regions of mere amusement or banter, and in the Twelfth Letter occurs the following sublime passage:—

"Yet, sirs, for your own sakes, I cannot but lament to see you resorting to such weapons. The wrongs that you inflict upon me will not set at rest our controversies, and your menaces, of whatever description, shall never deter me from self-defence. You think yourselves sheltered by the impunity of power, but I stand on the vantage-

ground of innocence and truth! Long and persevering may be the assaults of violence against those sacred bulwarks. No efforts of rude power can overthrow truth, they serve only to enhance her lustre, while truth's most transcendent radiance avails not to arrest the course of violence, and serves but to irritate it the more. When force opposes force, the stronger overpowers the weak; when controversies are arrayed against each other, those founded on justice and reason may silence the clamours of vanity and falsehood; but violence and truth will ever wage against each other a fruitless and interminable warfare. Yet, let it not then be concluded that their forces are balanced, and their weapons tempered alike. There is between them this immeasurable difference: that violence traces a course limited and circumscribed by the resistless decree of God, which causes all its efforts to subserve the advancement of the sacred cause assailed. But truth shall remain ever unimpaired, and be victorious over all her enemies, for she is immortal and omnipotent, like the Eternal Himself."

We have dwelt thus at length upon the name and work of Pascal, and this distinguished controversy, because there are not many instances which more distinctly, readily, and popularly illustrate the use of laughter, not many instances which more pleasantly and distinctly show how a great and highly-saintly man may employ its power for the purpose of turning falsehood and folly to ridicule, and serving the best interests of truth and religion. It is true that the injunction of the Pope arrested "The Provincial Letters." It is amazing that the thorough love of truth and profound fear of God, which led this great intelligence to scathe by the lightnings of his wit the casuistry and the deep-seated immorality and impiety of the doctrines of Jesuitism, did not lead him out from the Church of Rome. As Isaac Taylor therefore most truly remarks, "He drove his adversaries off the spot on which he had alighted, but he did not venture to advance a step from that position in pursuit of them." They retired beyond the reach of the last of his eloquence into the enclosure of the Church, and they were safe. The book, however, remains one of the most brilliant sceptres of one of the most illustrious Kings of Laughter, and we have referred to it as an illustration of the high and sacred purpose for which laughter may be employed.

Thus laughter becomes one of the Divine forces of the world, and of course we may include beneath the denomination of laughter all that provokes to mirth, or tends to the exuberant overflow of joyful spirits in cheerfulness. Many manifestations are boisterous. Goldsmith speaks of

"The loud laugh which shows a vacant mind."

Other manifestations are deep and calm, so that we might form, if the expression may be allowed, a perfect ladder of laughter; for it has its lower and its higher regions—its lower in the kingdom of mere animal spirits, coarse, rude, practical jokes, and unexpected juxtapositions; its higher in the kingdom of moral perceptions, and intuitions, and



singular incongruities. Thus, in the large domain of cheerfulness, the lower departments of laughter belong mostly to mere sensations, the higher to the world of ideas; the lower absurd and grotesque, but even there finding, perhaps, a philosophic cause in some startled state of surprise at extraordinary and unwonted combinations.

Laughter has a sure foundation in a sense of absurdity, but the very absurdity is even sometimes sublime. There is a singular instance of the way in which drollery becomes philosophy in some lines by Dr. Southey, perhaps not too well known to quote; they are upon that apparently most unpoetical creature, the pig:—

"Jacob ! I do not like to see thy nose  
Turned up in scornful curve at yonder pig.  
It would be well, my friend, if we, like him,  
Were perfect in our kind ! And why despise  
The sow-born grunter ? 'He is obstinate,'  
Thou answerest, 'ugly, and the filthiest beast  
That banquets upon offal.' Now I pray you  
Hear the pig's counsel.

Is he obstinate ?

We must not, Jacob, be deceived by words.  
See now to what this obstinacy comes :  
A poor mistreated, democratic beast,  
He knows that his unmerciful drivers seek  
Their profit and not his. He hath not learnt  
That pigs were made for man,—born to be brawned  
And baconised ; that he must please to give  
Just what his gracious masters please to take ;  
Perhaps his tusks, the weapons Nature gave  
For self-defence, the general privilege.

Again. Thou sayest

The pig is ugly. Jacob, look at him !  
Those eyes have taught the lover flattery.  
His face,—nay, Jacob, Jacob ! were it fair  
To judge a lady in her deshabelle ?  
Fancy it drest, and in saltpetre rouged.  
Behold his tail, my friend ; with curls like that  
The wanton hop marries her stately spouse :  
So, crisp in beauty, Amoretta's hair  
Rings round her lover's soul the chains of love.  
And what is beauty but the aptitude  
Of parts harmonious ? Give thy fancy scope,  
And thou wilt find that no imagined change  
Can beautify this beast. Place at his end  
The starry glories of the peacock's pride,  
Give him the swan's white breast ; for his horn-hoofs  
Shape with a foot and ankle as the waves  
Crowded in eager rivalry to kiss  
When Venus from the enamoured sea arose ;—  
Jacob, thou canst but make a monster of him !  
All alteration man could think would mar  
His pig-perfection.

The last charge,—he lives

A dirty life. Here I could shelter him  
With noble and right reverend precedents,  
And show by sanction of authority  
That 'tis a very honourable thing  
To thrive by dirty ways. But let me rest  
On better ground the unanswerable defence.  
The pig is a philosopher, who knows  
No prejudice. Dirt ? Jacob, what is dirt ?  
If matter, why the delicate dish that tempts  
An o'ergorged epicure to the last morsel

That stuffs him to the throat-gates, is no more ;  
If matter be not, but, as sages say,  
Spirit is all, and all things visible  
Are one, the infinitely modified,  
Think, Jacob, what that pig is, and the mire  
Wherein he stands knee-deep."

Thus in this way of clever drollery, and by this juxtaposition of incongruous ideas, Southey makes this by no means poetic personage, the pig, to preach a lesson in Natural Theology, and to point some satiric arrows at the absurdities of a transcendental philosophy. And this reminds us of some of the wise words of that great wit, Sydney Smith, in his "Lectures on Moral Philosophy," a work which, although little known, we venture to appreciate more highly than some of those brilliant sallies of speech which have made his name so famous ; and the words we quote bear very much upon the entire intention of this and of the following papers we shall present to our readers. He says, "I have talked of the *danger* of wit ; I do not mean by that to enter into commonplace declamation against faculties because they are dangerous ; wit is dangerous, eloquence is dangerous, a talent for observation is dangerous, everything is dangerous that has efficacy and vigour for its characteristics ; nothing is safe but mediocrity. But when wit is combined with sense and information, when it is softened by benevolence and restrained by strong principle, when it is in the hands of a man who can use it and despise it, who can be witty and something much better than witty ; who loves honour, justice, decency, good-nature, morality and religion ten thousand times better than wit. Wit is then a beautiful and delightful part of our nature."

But our remarks at present are upon laughter, and, with Johnson, we have spoken of the many varieties of laughter, and no doubt some have their cause in mere absurdity. Basil Montague, in his interesting essay on Hobbe's "Theory of Laughter," says : "Some years ago, when I was on the circuit, the judge, in the midst of a trial, to the astonishment of us all, leaped up and stood upon the bench upon which he had been sitting. 'Javelin man,' he called out, with a loud voice, 'take away this dog, he has bit my leg !' The javelin man instantly arrived. He stooped down to take the dog, who growled tremendously. 'Please you, my lord, I daren't touch him !' said the javelin man, amidst much mirth."

Perhaps to the same order of laughter belongs the following. In an old newspaper, of a date long before the origin of teetotalism, occurs a piece of casuistry in a court of justice, which compels laughter from its very truly human character:—

"A complaint was made before Alderman Cox by the serang, or boatswain, of several Lascars, and the rest of his gang, against the East India Company. It appeared from the statement of the serang that during their stay in this cold and miserable climate they had not been allowed one drop of rum or gin, or other spirituous liquors, to make grog. Alderman Cox asked the serang and his men whether they were not Mohammedans.

The serang and his men severally answered that they were followers of Mohammed, the only true prophet of Allah. Alderman Cox expressed his surprise at the wish of the complainants to depart from the well-known law of Mohammed prohibiting the use of such liquors, and asked how the violation of so good a law could be reconcilable to their consciences. The serang did not like the comment. He, however, got out of the difficulty by stating that the prophet could never have contemplated that any of the faithful should live in a wretched country like this, or he would never have prohibited the use of grog, which was actually a necessary of life in England. Another of the crew declared that he would drink grog whenever he should meet with it, and that he would sooner

turn Christian than give up the beverage or lose his inclination for it. Besides, he never would believe that the prophet meant to prohibit gin in cold weather; indeed, it appeared to this complainant that, as gin was not known in the mortal days of the prophet, it was wholly excluded from the prohibited articles, and that if it had been known at that distant period the prophet would have been too wise to have rejected it."

Such instances as these illustrate by their oddness the causes of laughter, although scarcely belonging to the higher aspects of our subject, and to what we have designated its Divine uses. But we are approaching to what may furnish the topic of some future paper—a glance at the ludicrous side of life.

## THE STORY OF MULLAH NUSEREDIN

AND HOW HE GOT A BREAKFAST FOR NOTHING.

IN olden times, in Ispahan, there was a noted story-teller, named Mullah Nuseredin, whose quaint sayings and ingenious devices were famed throughout Persia. The following story narrates how Mullah Nuseredin got a good breakfast for nothing. The plan was more clever than honest, but in Eastern parables (as in that of the unjust steward) one point is usually illustrated without taking the general bearing of the story.

One morning the neighbours of Mullah Nuseredin had prepared for breakfast a most odorous dish of kabobs. The smell of the kabobs even penetrated the house of Mullah Nuseredin. The Mullah called his wife and said to her, "Would you like to have some of the kabobs our neighbours have cooked for breakfast?"

"Yes," said his wife, "but how are we to get an invitation to breakfast?"

"Oh, leave that to me," said the Mullah.

After a moment's consideration he got up, took his stick, and began to strike the door of the room, saying to his wife, "You cry out as if I was beating you, run out of the house, and go to the house of the neighbour the smell of whose breakfast has set our wits to work."

No sooner said than done. Mullah Nuseredin's wife began to cry out, and the Mullah continued to beat the door. At last his wife opened the door of the house, and ran into the street, and entered their neighbour's house. Mullah Nuseredin followed her apparently in a great rage. By this time his neighbours, astonished at the noise, had assembled in the street.

At last one of them said, "What is the matter, Mullah, and why have you beaten your wife? She has taken refuge in my house; come in with me and have a kyloa."

Mullah Nuseredin appeared deaf to all arguments. His neighbour seeing it was useless to argue with him any longer, seized his arm and dragged him into his house. Mullah Nuseredin pretended to offer great resistance. At last he allowed himself to be persuaded to sit down.

His neighbour, after giving him a kyloa\* to smoke, began to talk seriously to him, saying, "how foolish it was of him, a Mullah, to quarrel with his wife."

Mullah Nuseredin appeared ashamed of his conduct, and said, "Many thanks for your advice; call my wife, we will make friends and go home to breakfast."

"All right," said his neighbour, "about making friends with your wife? But it is our breakfast-time; remain and have breakfast with us."

Mullah Nuseredin at first would not hear of such a thing, but his neighbour, taking no notice of what he said, told his servants to bring breakfast. Then Mullah appeared to give way, and washed his hands with the others,† and when breakfast was brought, did full justice to it.

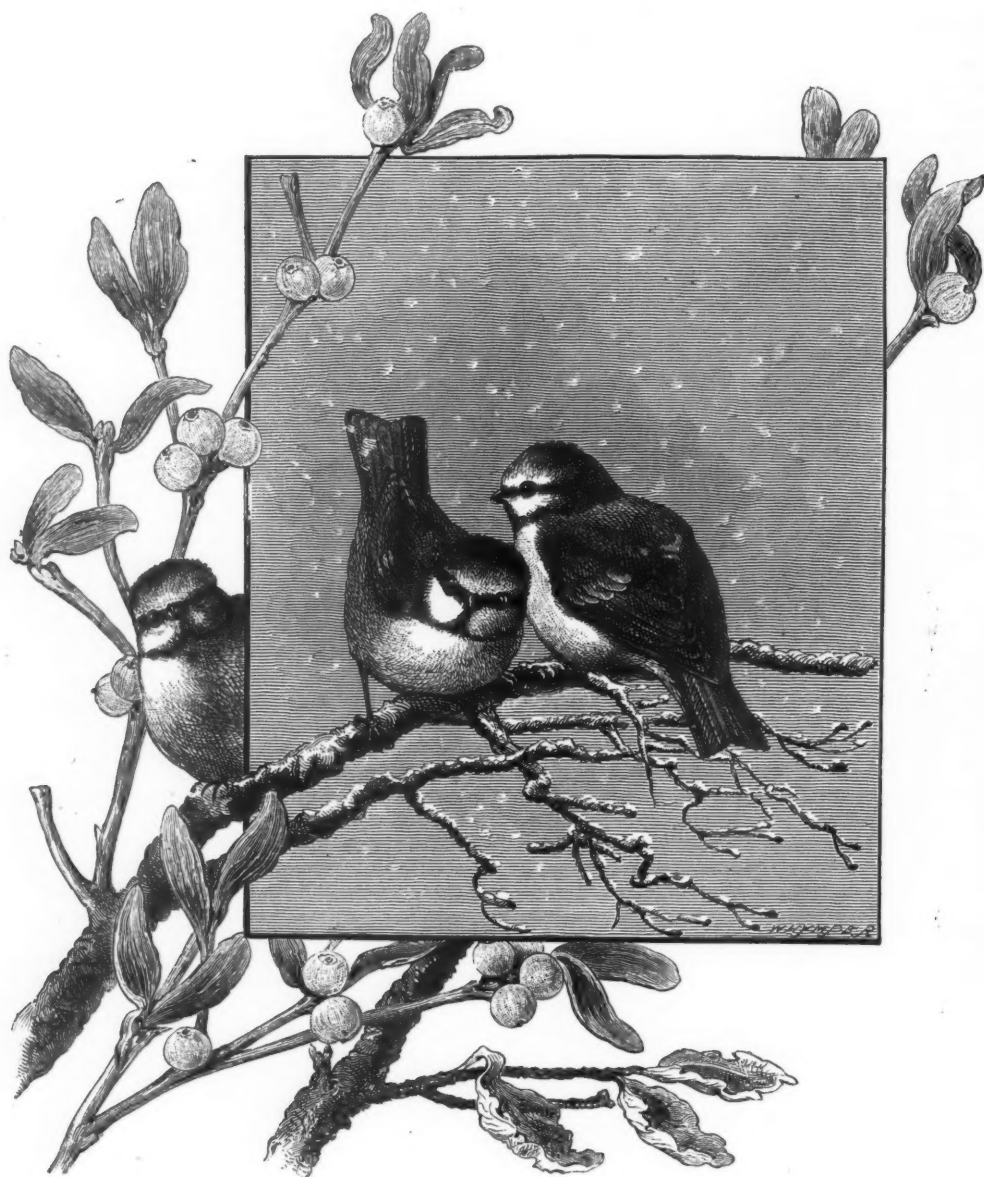
After breakfast, when Mullah Nuseredin and his wife had returned home, the Mullah said to his wife, "Was I not right?"

"Bravo, Mullah Nuseredin! may the shadow of your neighbours never be less."

\* The kyloa is the Persian pipe; it is like the Indian hookah, the smoke is drawn through water and purified before it enters the mouth. It is the custom in Persia to give an angry man a kyloa, as he cannot smoke and abuse at the same time; and by the time he has finished his kyloa, his anger will probably have subsided.

† Amongst the better class of Persians the hands are washed before eating. An attendant carrying an ewer of water in one hand, and a basin with a perforated cover in the other, enters the room before meals, and the host and his guests wash their right hand. The left hand is never used in eating. The attendant pours the water over the hand, and it runs through the perforated cover of the basin, and is out of sight.

## NATURAL HISTORY NOTES.



BLUE TITMOUSE.

ONE of the most familiarly known of our British birds is the Blue Titmouse (*Parus caeruleus*). Possibly it is their omnivorous taste that brings them more commonly into notice than other species equally numerous. Its chief natural diet is insects on trees, but they come about houses, not only in winter, like the robin, but at any season. They will gather crumbs like

the sparrow, or dig holes in fallen apples, or pick a bone on the dust-heap. Gilbert White of Selborne, who, by the way, gives it the old-fashioned English name of "the nun," says "it is a vast admirer of suet, and haunts butchers' shops. When a boy," he adds, "I have known twenty in a morning caught with snap mousetraps, baited with tallow or suet." Mr. J. G. Wood, in his



notes to "White's Selborne," says that he had a tame sparrow-hawk, which was a great coward, and the Titmice discovering this, used to advance in a threatening attitude, and help themselves to the meat deserted by the sparrow-hawk. He also records the strong maternal instinct in a blue titmouse mother, which had built its nest under the ledge of a railway platform at Shrivenham. The little bird sat calm and fearless while the express trains rushed past, making the whole station tremble, and leaving a cloud of steam often to envelop the nest. The railway men protected the bird till the young were hatched and brought up in safety.

The chief food we have said are insects, and it is stated that a pair of these little birds will destroy at least five hundred caterpillars daily, being a minimum of fifteen thousand brought to the nest while feeding their young. The blue tit is a very pugnacious fellow, and in the breeding season will boldly attack boy or man if approaching the nest. The sharp strong bill makes itself thoroughly felt, and hence in some places the country name of "Billy Biter," given by bird-nesters. The nests are as ubiquitous as the habits of the bird are omnivorous. They build in hollow trees, or on walls, or in flower-pots. Mr. Wood tells of one nest in a busy beehive, a more dangerous site we should imagine than even the railway platform.

There are many species of Titmice, but only three are British—the Great Tit, the Long-tailed, and the Blue. They stay all winter. The genus which has many representatives in other countries belongs to the order *Parinae*, of the great class *Passerinae*—which in fact includes the great majority of birds, or all which are not birds of prey, waders, climbers, or gallinaceous birds.

#### TALKING CANARIES.

A correspondent of the "Gravesend and Dartford Reporter," having seen the paragraph quoted which appeared in our pages ("Leisure Hour," 1881, p. 107) on "Talking Birds," writes as follows: "The West of England is not alone famous for such wonders, as I reared a Canary from the nest in Gravesend, and taught it to speak most distinctly. Wishing to possess a very tame bird, I had one from the nest (quite a squab) without feathers, and its eyes not open; and, talking continually to it when feeding it, I was astonished one day to hear it repeat my words, 'Sweet little bird.' It was then perfectly fledged and able to take care of itself. I had no idea of teaching it to speak until that time, but I at once commenced its lessons, and before its first moult it said, 'Sweet pretty little dickey, dear.' For successive seasons, during the moulting time, I taught it a new sentence. Besides those already named, he said, 'Kiss me, sweet dear bird;' 'Do you hear me speak?' 'I hope you are quite well.' I consider the facility with which the bird learned was because he had never heard a bird of his own species sing. And he never did sing, but any sentence I began he would finish. The bird was my companion night and day, always flying about my room, and it pined

if I left him. I was obliged to take him wherever I went. For form and colour he was perfect. He died of old age. Many residents now in Gravesend can corroborate these statements."

#### A DOG THAT SAVED HIS FELLOW.

After a severe frost and during a thaw in 1823, there was seen before Mionville, on the Moselle, which discharges its waters into the Rhine, a spaniel floating on a piece of ice, from which it gave forth very pitiable cries. It was not difficult to surmise how the poor creature found itself in so perilous a situation, but having been heard by one of the dogs belonging to the custom-house officers on the other side of the Moselle, this intrepid animal plunged into the river, soon reached the poor spaniel, and seizing it firmly by the neck, swam to the bank with it amidst the acclamations of a crowd of spectators.

#### THE BEGGAR AND HIS DOG.

"My good man," said I, "I have nothing to give you."

These words were addressed to a poor old man, says a French writer, who had come near my carriage with his hat in his hand. His lips were dumb, but his look and his manner asked for charity. He had a dog with him, and the poor creature as well as his master had both their eyes fixed on me.

"I have nothing to spare," said I, a second time.

This was not true, but was said heedlessly, and I blushed immediately after having said so, though I consoled myself by the thought that beggars are very importunate. But this one was not at all so.

"May God bless you!" said he, humbly, and retired.

"Ho, there! Horses, directly!" said some one.

A carriage had come up, and the postilions were all on the move. The beggar approached the carriage. They gave him no relief, and he retired a second time without murmuring. On passing by my side he looked at me sadly, and I looked after him, as if I wished to call him back to me. He went on and afterwards sat on a stone bench, with his dog before him, which laid its head on the knees of the master, who, at the same time, caressed with his hand the faithful companion.

On the same bench was seated a soldier, whose shoes, covered with dust, showed that he was a traveller. His knapsack was placed between him and the beggar, and on the knapsack lay his hat and his bayonet. With his hand he wiped his forehead, and he seemed to be taking breath that he might be able to continue his journey. His dog—for he also had one—was seated by his side, and regarded the passers-by with a sort of pride that contrasted very singularly with the humility of the beggar's dog. Instinct seemed to tell him that he belonged to a soldier. This dog caused

me to consider more attentively the former one, which was but a poor little half-starved spaniel. I could not imagine that an old man, reduced to beggary, could share his wretched sustenance with so ugly a little creature, but their sympathetic looks, in which were depicted friendship and affection, soon terminated my surprise.

"Oh, thou most amiable, most affectionate, and most faithful of all animals!" said I to myself; "thou art undoubtedly the true friend of man! Thou alone continuest to love him in his misfortune! Thou alone never forgettest him in adversity! and from thee alone the poor man receives no contempt. What man is there who, abandoned like this beggar by his fellow-men, would not desire such a friend!"

Whilst I was making these reflections some one opened the window of the carriage, and some remains of cold meat, which had undoubtedly been a part of the breakfast of some travellers, fell from the carriage. The two dogs rushed forward, the carriage drove on, and one of the creatures was crushed under the wheel; it was the beggar's dog. The animal uttered a cry; it was its last.

The poor old man ran to its relief, plunged into the greatest affliction; but he shed no tears.

"My good man," I cried, and he raised his sad eyes towards me. I threw him a crown-piece, which he saw rolling at his feet with an air of indifference, and thanked me only by a respectful movement of the head, whilst clasping the dog in his arms.

"My friend," said the soldier, on presenting him the money which he had just taken up, "the good gentleman gives you this crown. He is fortunate, he is rich; but everybody is not, and I have only a dog; you have lost yours, mine is at your service."

Saying these words, he tied to the neck of his dog a short cord, which he immediately put into the hands of the old man, and then continued his way.

The beggar, overcome by gratitude, fell on his knees, and stretching his arms towards his benefactor, he cried,

"Good and generous soldier, may you receive some day the reward of so noble an action. My prayers and good wishes shall everywhere accompany you."

"Brave soldier!" said I to myself, in my turn; "you surpass me in generosity. I have given only money to the unfortunate man, but you have given him a friend!"

The soldier had hurried away, and had already got a good distance from the place where his feelings had been so much moved. He will miss his canine companion by-and-by, but the satisfaction of comforting the poor old beggar by a gift so helpful will check his regrets.

#### THE LÉMON HIBISCUS-TREE OF THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDS.

One of the most useful trees in the South Sea Islands is the *Au*, or Lemon Hibiscus (*H. tiliaceus*). On all the volcanic islands it grows most luxu-

riantly, attaining the height of thirty feet. At first it shoots up as straight as a reed, but as it becomes mature it bends to the earth and takes root again. In a few years the soil is covered with an almost impenetrable jungle, the hiding-place of the conquered in heathen times. A mass of *Hibiscus tiliaceus*, covered with flowers of a bright lemon-colour, from four to five inches in diameter, is a pleasing and beautiful sight.

These showy flowers are borne singly upon stalks towards the end of the branches. The leaves are round, just the size of a dinner-plate, and until recently were the only plates used by the Hervey Islanders. It was—and still is in some islands—the duty of the daughters to provide new leaves for each meal. In presenting hot food to a visitor it is customary to wrap it up in one of these leaves. Nothing is more enjoyable at a picnic in the Pacific than to be thus served to a plentiful repast of fish, fowl, and vegetables.

The sap-wood of the Lemon Hibiscus is white and worthless; the heart is of a very dark-green colour, and is as fragrant as rosewood when green. On account of its extreme lightness, it is used for floating ironwood, anchors, etc. On account of its crookedness and toughness, it is used for the stem, stern, and knees of boats and small vessels. It also furnishes excellent paddles for canoes, and rafters for native houses. Buried in the soil, the heart-wood is almost imperishable. To this tree we are indebted for nearly all the firewood used for cooking in these islands. As we have no coal this is a matter of great importance. In this genial climate throughout the year we need no fire to warm ourselves by.

The mucilaginous properties of this tree have given rise to numerous myths. The inner bark furnishes the South Sea Islanders with string and rope. Cordage for native-built vessels is thus easily provided. This fibre, however, is too "short" to bear exportation to Europe.

For some years past the flowers of the Lemon Hibiscus, after being dried and pressed, have been exported from Tahiti to France as a valuable external remedy.

A wiry man is said to be "like the bark of the Hibiscus" (takirian)—i.e., tough, not bulky, like the great worthless "buka-tea," the native emblem for the fat man!

Perhaps the greatest blessing conferred upon these islanders by this tree is its power of renewing the fertility of the soil. Nothing exhausts the soil so speedily as yams or cotton. In ten or twelve years the soil is utterly impoverished. The native plan, then, is to allow it to be overrun with Lemon Hibiscus bush. When the timber has become heavy you may be sure the soil is perfectly renewed. The soil which once was dry and hard is now light and extremely rich.

An esculent variety of Hibiscus (*H. esculentus*) is common throughout Western Polynesia, and is much valued by the natives. The well-known Shoe-black Plant (*H. Rosa sinensis*), with its gorgeous red flowers, is a native of the Hervey Group. When out of blacking, I have often been glad to rub the petals over my shoes.

*Rarotonga.*

W. WYATT GILL.

## OUR MEAT SUPPLY.

**T**HERE are very few trades that have undergone so great a revolution during the past fifty years as the meat trade has undergone, and the reason of it may be given in about a single sentence. Fifty years ago a distance of eighty miles was about the extreme limit for the conveyance of this article of food; now we can convey it in one or another form just as far as we please. The great desirability of accomplishing this has always been recognised. Between the years 1691 and 1855 there were in this country alone no fewer than 110 patents obtained for preserving fresh meat, while in this and other countries about 2,000 patents have been taken out during the past 150 years. That they none of them were very successful, and that we have not yet fully solved the problem, is proven by the fact that we are still importing live cattle instead of dead meat. The living animal takes up a great deal of ship-room as compared with the dead carcass, requires a considerable amount of attention, eats a good deal of food on the journey, and if it survives the voyage—which it does not always—often comes out of the ship a good deal less valuable than it went in. When it has recovered from the voyage, and is killed, a great part of its bulk is not worth its carriage. It may confidently be predicted, therefore, that when we have perfectly succeeded in solving the problem of the conveyance of meat, cattle will very generally be slaughtered in the vicinity of their native pastures, and only prime portions of the carcass will be imported. How far success has been attained in this matter we shall presently endeavour to show; but a little may first be said on home trade and consumption more particularly.

In this trade, as in every other connected with the food of the people, London is of course the great head centre of it. The metropolis, it has been said, never has more than two days' supply of food on hand. However this may be with other articles of diet, it is certainly very nearly the truth with regard to its meat, and few more striking impressions of what is implied by saying that London has three or four millions of people to be fed every day, can be obtained than by working your way through the Smithfield Market any morning between five and eight o'clock. This is the only wholesale meat market in London of any importance; but, as we shall show presently, it would be a great mistake to suppose that all the meat consumed in London comes here. The quantity brought in here, however, is tremendous. During a single day in 1880 there were 1,521 tons of goods received—not quite all but the bulk of it fresh meat of one sort and another, and the daily average throughout the year was 708 tons. During the whole year 1880 there was brought into this market nearly 219,000 tons of produce, of which we shall be under the mark if we say that 200,000 tons was fresh meat. It is almost as difficult to realise the idea of 200,000 tons of meat as it is fully to grasp the idea of four

millions of people. One or two whimsical calculations may assist the imagination. This quantity of meat then—not the whole London supply for the year, but only that which passes through Smithfield Market—would be sufficient to dot out a line with over a pound of meat at intervals of every yard, reaching from here to the moon.

While on the subject of Smithfield, we may just add that a market toll of one farthing on every twenty-one pounds of produce yielded in 1880 a sum of £24,310 *os. 9d.*

It will afford a useful view of the sources of London supply if we state that of this 200,000 tons about 107,000 tons was meat killed and brought into London from the country; about 81,000 tons was killed in London, and nearly 26,000 tons was killed and imported from America. "General foreign meat and produce" amounted to only 7,381 tons; so that, apart from America, we have as yet a comparatively small quantity of meat killed abroad and imported into London—except in the form of extract or of tinned meat, of which we must speak presently. We get some of our meat from France, some from Germany, Holland, and Denmark, and some also from the Channel Islands. Precisely how much we receive from each of these sources there are no means of ascertaining, but it is not a great deal that comes into the London market at any rate. The Board of Trade returns give us a total of imported meat—beef and pork, and meat unenumerated, whether fresh or salt, or preserved otherwise than by salting—of about 88,700 tons during eleven months ending 30th November, 1879. If we add 8,500 for the twelfth month of the year, it gives about 97,000 tons for the whole year as the total import of dead meat for the United Kingdom. Of this nearly 21,000 tons was American meat received in the London market. There is also, of course, much American-killed meat consumed in Liverpool, Manchester, and other large towns of the North. The returns just referred to include about 25,000 tons of American beef as the total import into this country. Something about 74,000 tons would appear to be the total imports from all countries except America during 1879, and approximately these figures may be taken for 1880, complete statistics for which at the time of writing are not accessible. It may be stated, however, the gross import of beef and pork and "meat unenumerated," either fresh or salted or otherwise preserved, but exclusive of bacon and hams, amounted in 1880 to about 111,000 tons.

The plans for conveying meat from all the ends of the earth have, as we have said, been very numerous indeed, but only a very small number comparatively have survived time and test; it may be said, indeed, that none have as yet lived to be very old, for all the methods now in actual use are of recent origin. Mr. Phillips Bevan, formerly editor of the "Food Journal," enumerates some six different methods of importing meat into this



country. There is, first, meat in the form of "extract," concerning the alimentary value of which a good deal has been said for and against. The best known of these extracts is, we suppose, "Liebig's," the invention, so to speak, of the famous chemist of that name. The chief seat of this manufacture is at Fray Bentos, on the Uruguay, where they have premises and appliances sufficiently extensive to permit of their cutting up 200 bullocks an hour. Whether they do ever actually attain to this enormous point in the ordinary way of business we cannot say, but the quantity of Liebig's extract consumed not only here but in most parts of the world is very large; and when it is stated that no less than 33 lb. of meat is required for the production of one pound of "extract," it is apparent that the manufacture must be on a gigantic scale. The process, we believe, is something like this; not in Liebig's extract only, but in all the rest. The fresh meat is hung up to cool for some hours, and is then treated just as rags are treated for the production of paper—put into swiftly-revolving cylinders set with sharp teeth inside, and so torn to a pulp. This pulp is poured out into a vat of water, where it is subjected to the action of steam for about an hour—cooked, in fact. Thence it passes into a strainer, which retains all the fibres of the meat, and allows the liquor to drip through into another vat, where, as the fat rises to the surface, it is skimmed off, leaving only the lean of the meat and the water, the latter of which is got rid of by boiling, and thus driving it off in steam, a current of air being passed over the vat to carry the steam away and so increase the evaporation. After about eight hours the water will have been expelled, and the meaty fluid reduced to the consistency of treacle, when it only requires to be cooled and poured off into the receptacles in which it is to be sold. All the "extracts" are prepared by a process something like this.

The second process for preserving meat long enough to permit of its being transported from long distances is that of tinning, which has been very extensively adopted for the purpose of utilising the great quantities of meat for which there were no consumers in the vast grasslands of Australia and elsewhere. There are a good many ways of "tinning" meat, but they differ apparently only in the details of the operation. The general plan on which they all proceed is to partially cook the meat, and then enclose it in tins from which the air has been extracted. The plans for extracting the air are various, but this is the general method adopted, we believe, in all tinned meats. The extraction of the air is, of course, for the purpose of arresting the chemical action it exerts upon dead animal matter, and which constitutes in fact the decay of the meat. The same object has been sought by curing and other chemical processes of an antiseptic character. The "curing" of hams, fish, tongues, and so forth, by hanging in wood-smoke, is a process familiar to everybody. The wood-smoke contains a certain amount of creosote, which permeates the meat, and arrests the action of atmospheric oxygen upon it. A great many plans have been devised upon the

same principle—plans for preserving meat by applying some substance that will exert the preservative influence of the creosote in the smoke. Paraffin oil, sulphurous acid and chlorine, bisulphite of lime, and many other things, have been tried, some of them with no little success, though our space will not permit of our referring to them in detail.

We have referred now to four of the processes for preserving meat—extract, tinning, curing, and the application of chemical preparation. A fifth, and that which at the present time seems to be attended with the greatest practical success, is the preservation of the meat by the employment of a low temperature. A good deal was accomplished in this direction when Faraday first drew attention to the possibility of reducing certain gases to a liquid by pressure. Out of this idea the modern freezing machines have been developed, and it is now easy to produce almost any low temperature we please, under any circumstances whatever. We can, if desired, freeze a cargo of meat in Australia into blocks as solid as ice, and keep it frozen during its passage through the tropics to this country. Indeed the writer was recently shown in Smithfield Market several quarters of beef just arrived from New South Wales, which had thus been brought through the tropics in a frozen condition and which were still only partially thawed. Great things were expected of this possibility when first it became apparent, but difficulties in the way of the practical utilisation of it have been met with, the most serious of which is the general opinion that the freezing of the meat destroys, or at any rate injures, the flavour of it. The idea has been modified, and now, we believe, all the American-killed meat brought over to this country is preserved, not by freezing, but by keeping it in a temperature very slightly above freezing-point—above the point, that is to say, at which freezing actually takes place, and which practically is found to be something below thirty-two degrees Fahrenheit. Most of our American supplies of meat come from that part of the continent of which Chicago is the centre. Thence the live animals are brought down by rail to New York, Boston, or Philadelphia, and there killed and quartered, and then stitched up in a kind of canvas or calico. The meat is taken on board vessels specially fitted up for the purpose of the trade, and kept throughout the voyage at a uniform temperature, not sufficiently low actually to freeze it, but low enough to prevent any tendency to become tainted during the voyage across the Atlantic. There is said, however, to be a limit of time beyond which cold not amounting to actual freezing will fail to stave off putrefaction. Fast steamers have made the journey across the Atlantic a short one, and the railway has almost annihilated the space between Liverpool and London; and for our metropolitan market to be supplied with meat killed in America has become a fact at which we have long ceased to wonder. To bring meat from the antipodes, through the tropics, was a far more serious undertaking. Even this, however, bids fair to become as common a feat as the other. The latest report of the Superintendent of Smithfield

Market directs attention to the fact that "a successful experimental consignment of Australian-killed meat, consisting of 60 bodies of beef and 555 sheep, reached the market in February last"—in February, 1881, that is. Since then several cargoes have arrived, consisting of some thousands of sheep, and in one case, we understand, comprising, besides sheep, 1,000 quarters of beef.

But trading enterprise has developed another means of supplying all our great centres of population with meat. The transport of living animals to our shores, and their distribution to different markets of the country, has been rendered practicable by steamer and railway facilities to an enormous extent. We have a return before us now which shows that during the first nine months of 1880 we imported just upon 42,000 pigs, over 300,000 beasts, and more than 742,000 sheep and lambs. This gives a total number of 1,084,000 animals of one sort and another for the nine months, and if we add a fourth of the number for the remaining three months of the year we have an approximate total of 1,355,000 animals imported from all parts of the Continent, from Canada, the United States, and even South America. During 1880 there were received and slaughtered at Deptford alone no less than 63,704 beasts, and 21,703 sheep, for the London market. All foreign animals coming by ship to London are disembarked at Deptford, where, as at every other port in the kingdom, Government inspectors are on the alert against the introduction of any disease from abroad.

Vast numbers of cattle are slaughtered where they land, and the carcasses are sent on to London. Liverpool, Glasgow, and even Aberdeen, have *abattoirs* devoted in great measure to the supply of the London market. The meat is dressed, stowed in railway vans specially built for the purpose, and, thanks to the elaborate mechanism of the railway-clearing-house system, it may be carried from one end of the kingdom to the other over any number of different lines, with scarcely any delay and scarcely with any stoppages. One railway line alone during 1879 brought into Smithfield—running its meat-vans right in under the floor of the market—nearly 4,500 tons of meat. An animal may be killed this evening in almost any seaport in the kingdom, and the morning after to-morrow its carcass may be driven in by van, or raised by hydraulic lift through the floor of Smithfield Market, ready for the retail London butcher, who may, if he likes, get it in time for the supply of the breakfast-tables of his customers with chops or steaks. The Great Western Railway has built vans especially for the rapid transport of meat, which may be hung up in the train immediately after killing and will cool as it comes along. Thus it is possible that a sheep may be grazing in Cornwall this evening and may be on the breakfast-tables of London to-morrow morning.

It is obvious, however, that in dealing with an article so perishable as meat, great care has to be taken in supplying the market; and if Londoners are not to be subjected to frequent meat famine, or those engaged in the trade are not to be subjected to ruinous losses and great fluctuations in

prices, it is important that a large number of animals shall be allowed to be slaughtered as the supply of dead meat or the demand for it may require. That enormous provision is made in this way will be evident to anybody who has ever seen the great London cattle market at its busiest time—say from eight to ten o'clock on a Monday morning—in the summer. The London wholesale meat market and the London cattle market are, we suppose, by far the finest institutions of the kind in existence. Those who remember the old markets—the one for meat between Newgate Street and Paternoster Row, and that for cattle on the site of the present meat market in Smithfield—will know how to appreciate the merits of both. The great mart for cattle arriving in London by rail from all parts, or driven in from suburban pastures, is at Copenhagen Fields, just off the Caledonian Road. It is a vast quadrangular space, covering seventy-five acres of ground, railed in and laid all over with flagstones. There is a central cluster of offices of various kinds, comprising the premises of the clerk of the market, a bank, a telegraph office and a post-office, etc., and surmounted by a clock tower; and around this centre the whole space is partitioned off with rails and pens, with avenues between for the passage of buyers and sellers and onlookers in general. It is in a fine open situation, and in every respect presents a remarkable contrast from the old market. Any one who ever visited that old Smithfield institution during its busiest hours on some dark morning just before Christmas, must have long retained the impression of having experienced a hideous nightmare. Its flaring lights, its mystifying vapours rising over the dense mass of struggling life, its slush and filth, the bellowing and bleating, the crowding and cursing and shameless brutality of that old market in years gone by—the recollection of it all makes one draw a deep breath of relief as he turns in and looks over the scene in Copenhagen Fields. Here, at not a very busy time of year, there are nearly 4,000 head of cattle and 10,000 sheep; but there is abundant space for several times as many. All is orderly and well managed, and there is little of that fiendish brutality which in years gone by was so terribly prevalent in the cattle trade, and is still, we fear, in many phases of it, the shipping trade in cattle especially. A wonderful change has come over the understanding, if not the feelings, of cattle-drivers about London, thanks mainly to the persistent efforts of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. They all know perfectly well now that cruelty is legally wrong, whatever it may be from their own particular point of view, and that brutality may at any moment get them into serious trouble. Before the days of railways and cruelty prevention societies—when animals were cudgelled along turnpike roads to Smithfield—it used to be said that four days after a bullock had left its pasture its owner would not recognise it.

It is gratifying to think of this change as one strolls about the market, for there is something very pitiful—at any rate to those of us who are unfamiliar with such scenes—in a vast gathering of living creatures dragged up from their peaceful

pastures into the centre of a population about to slaughter and eat them. Without making too much of the sentiment, we may reasonably feel that needless suffering in any form should not be tolerated. There is one point in this connection that we would urge very strongly if we could. Separated from the open market by a roadway only are the fine and commodious *abattoirs* built by the Corporation of the City of London, and let out to private individuals and firms. A large number of the animals brought into Copenhagen Fields are led across the road and are at once slaughtered. Now these places are all under inspection, and we have no knowledge which would justify our asserting that cruelties are perpetrated in the killing of animals here. But it has been urged by the society just alluded to, and we believe by many other lovers of animals, that there is great cruelty in driving the poor creatures in here and allowing them to witness the slaughtering of others of their species. They will start, as the writer can testify, in evident terror from the hideous heaps lying about, and nobody who will watch a flock of sheep, as one after another they are dragged out and killed, can entertain any doubt that they stand in an agony of fear. Animals understand enough of what is going on to make the place of slaughter a horrible climax to their suffering during long journeys by road and rail, and often in the frightful "black holes" beneath the decks of a ship. We hold it to be no super-refinement of sentiment to urge that, wherever practicable, animals should be led blindfold to the shambles, and that in no case should a poor brute be allowed to stand trembling and panting by, as one after the other his fellows are slaughtered. We cannot go into details of cruelty here, but the writer has himself seen incidents in more than one London slaughter-house that have made him sick at heart, and almost have induced him to throw in his lot with the vegetarians.

Much of the Smithfield meat comes in by van and cart from the *abattoirs* adjoining the cattle market. Vast quantities also come in from the various railway termini, the London and North-Western line standing at the head of the list as the greatest carrier of dead meat. They paid in 1880 £4,744 9s. 11d. as toll, at one farthing for every 21 lb. The Great Northern is the next, and the Midland the next. Then come the Great Western, the South-Western, and the Great Eastern. The entire toll paid by all the companies amounted in 1880 to £14,118 odd, which would represent somewhere about 125,000 tons of meat. Of the balance of the 200,000 tons which, as we have said, constituted the total imports into the market for the year, a good deal comes from the City *abattoirs*, some from ships discharging in the Thames, and some from private slaughter-houses. Retail butchers like, if it is possible to do so, to have a slaughter-house of their own, so that they may keep animals alive on their own (licensed) premises until wanted, when they can kill them and quickly dispose of them, thus reducing the chance of tainting or of having meat left on their hands to a minimum. This of course is especially convenient in the summer time. In addition, therefore, to the 200,000 tons of meat

sold in Smithfield, we have all over London private establishments killing and disposing of meat directly to the public. In some parts there are great numbers of slaughter-houses. In Whitechapel, for instance, there are great numbers of animals killed, and a vast quantity of meat retailed direct to the public, though some of the carcasses are sent on to Smithfield, the offal only being retained for sale in the neighbourhood. It is from here that most of the Jews of London derive their supplies. There is an officer appointed to witness the killing of animals in these slaughter-houses, and to testify to its having been performed in accordance with Jewish custom—and a horrible custom it is—the testimony being given in the form of a little metal stamp attached to the carcass of an animal thus killed. All meat with this stamp attached is *kosher*, and may lawfully be eaten by the Jew. Without the stamp the meat is *trifa*, and to touch it is pollution.

These private slaughter-houses render it practically impossible to state definitely the amount of meat consumed in London in the course of a year, but we may perhaps arrive at an approximate idea by a little calculation. It has been estimated—though on what ground the estimate is based we are unable to say—that Londoners eat on an average 234 lb. of meat a year, exclusive of fish and poultry. Now the last census—the census of 1871 that is—gave about three and a quarter millions as the population of London within the Registrar-General's sphere. We are safe, no doubt, in putting it now at 3,500,000, and if every individual gets on the average 234 lb. of meat in the year, then during the year just closed London must have consumed about 365,625 tons of meat.

## Varieties.

**Prince Leopold's Bride.**—The Princess Helena Frederica Augusta of Waldeck-Pyrmont, the betrothed of Prince Leopold, is the fourth daughter of the Prince of Waldeck and the Princess Helena of Nassau, daughter of the late and sister of the ex-Duke of Nassau and of the present Queen of Sweden. She was born on the 17th of February, 1861. She has one brother and four sisters, the eldest unmarried. The second was married in 1877 to Prince William of Wurtemberg, and the third, Emma, three years older than herself, in 1879, to the King of the Netherlands. Her fourth sister is only eight years old, and her only brother is six. The Prince of Waldeck-Pyrmont is a sovereign Prince of the German Empire. The population of the Principality is 54,000. The capital, Arolsen, contains 2,500 inhabitants. In 1868 the government of the Principality was committed to Prussia. The Waldeck family have long been connected with that of Nassau, the junior branch of which reigns over Holland. A Prince of Waldeck commanded our Dutch allies at Fontenoy in 1745. The family are described as leading a patriarchal and simple life at the Castle of Arolsen. It will be remembered that the marriage of the sister of the youthful betrothed to the King of Holland, not quite three years ago, attracted much notice owing to the great disparity of years. She has one daughter, who, in default of male heirs, may succeed to the throne of the Netherlands.

**Phylloxera.**—We have received the following note from Mr. H. R. Williams, of Lime Street, who was present at the Bordeaux Congress on the vine disease last autumn, and who



is intimately acquainted with the districts to which he refers. Mr. Williams says: "You have given in the 'Leisure Hour' (p. 307, 1881) particulars about the Phylloxera. I am sorry to say that at present there is no cessation of this pest. It continues its ravages, and many an estate now covered with vines, and looking green and beautiful in summer under the genial influences of the sun's bright rays, will ere long be attacked, and, like many other fair spots, succumb. The Congress at Bordeaux upon the subject had representatives from Spain, Portugal, Italy, America, and other countries, and made contributions of knowledge concerning the pest, suggesting various remedies for its extirpation. Flooding has been reported successful in some districts, but it is of course impossible to do this on a large scale. Most of the best vineyards are beyond the reach of floods, or are on sloping ground; and after all, flooding is of doubtful utility. Various chemicals have been used, but their application is very expensive, nor have they proved so efficacious as the chemists predicted. The demand which has sprung up of late years for the light pure wines of France has induced the vine-growers to take too much out of the vines, and the difficulty in such a country is to supply the vine with the proper nutriment, in the shape of manure. This is only very partially done, added to which the wholesale destruction of small birds is a fruitful source of evil, and, I believe, has contributed to no small extent to produce the state of things now so deplorable. The vintages of 1874 and 1875 were very abundant, but the six following years, 1876-81, have been short and disappointing ones. It is calculated that the deficiency in the vintage of 1881 in France amounts to the enormous quantity of at least 400,000,000 gallons—a good ordinary vintage is reckoned at 10,000,000,000 gallons."

**Vegetation Force.**—Some years ago the town of Basingstoke was paved, and not many months afterwards the pavement was observed to exhibit an unevenness which could not easily be accounted for. In a short time after the mystery was explained, for some of the heaviest stones were completely lifted out of their beds by the growth of large roadstools beneath them. One of these stones measured twenty-two inches by twenty-one, and weighed eighty-three pounds, and the resistance afforded by the mortar which held it in its place would probably be even a greater obstacle than the weight. It became necessary to repave the whole town in consequence of this remarkable disturbance. A similar incident came under our own notice of a large kitchen hearthstone which was forced up from its bed by an under-growing fungus, and had to be relaid two or three times, until at last it reposed in peace, the old bed having been removed to the depth of six inches, and a new foundation laid. A circumstance recorded by Sir Joseph Banks is still more extraordinary, of a cask of wine which, having been confined three years in a cellar, was, at the termination of that period, found to have leaked from the cask and vegetated in the form of immense fungi which had filled the cellar and borne upwards the empty wine cask to the roof.—So writes Dr. L. Cooke, in his "British Fungi." Another example of the force of vegetation is the familiar one of the bursting of a cocoa-nut by the imprisoned germ, when immense force is needed to break the shell from without. The best way to force open the dovetailed sutures of a skull is to fill it with peas and let them begin to germinate.

**Florida.**—The British consul at Mobile, in his report this year, calls attention to the great resources of Florida, and says that its industries can be made more varied than those of any other State in the Union. Not to speak of its sea-land and ordinary cotton, its corn, sugar, potatoes, and other vegetables, the orange business of Florida is immense, and is rapidly increasing. Millions upon millions of oranges are sent by railroad to all parts of the United States. The orange crop of Florida in 1879 was valued at over 1,000,000 dols., and the crop of this year was thought likely to reach 100,000,000 of oranges. Florida is said to stand in official sanitary reports as the healthiest State in the Union. The consul says the climate is not hot in summer, and not so oppressive as the midsummer North. This results from the peculiar peninsular shape of the State, and the ever-recurring sea-breezes which pass over it. The Gulf breeze comes with the setting sun, and cools the air at night. A sultry night is

rare. The thermometer seldom goes so low as 30 deg. in winter, and rarely reaches 90 deg. in summer. The average in summer is 82 deg. The supply of delicious fruits is unlimited for months. Aliens may purchase, hold, and sell lands without becoming citizens of the United States. The supply of timber is described as inexhaustible. The consul states the population of Florida at about 250,000, and the area at about 38,000,000 acres.

**Lord Chief-Justice Coleridge on Breach of Promise of Marriage.**—In summing-up in an action for breach of promise of marriage, at the Liverpool Assizes, Lord Chief-Justice Coleridge, alluding to some remarks as to the expediency of this class of action, said that whatever might be the enlightened conclusion of Parliament on the question he did not know. Parliament might think fit to abolish breach of promise as a ground of action, but it was much to be considered ere that consummation was arrived at whether in certain ranks of life women would have any protection against the misconduct of men. It was too much forgotten that these actions were often extremely useful in keeping people within the bounds of duty which, if there were not such laws, they would avoid. It very often happened that a woman gave up honestly and affectionately the best years of her life to a particular man, and put aside all thoughts of marrying any one else. When that man dishonestly and illegally broke his contract with her, the only compensation she could obtain for the wrong done to her was to seek heavy and substantial damages in a court of law.

**Village Desiderata.**—Very few villages possess anything in the nature of a cottage hospital, though scarce a year passes without the need of one. If there be a sudden outbreak of smallpox or typhus there is no possibility of insulation. The doctor recommends removal to the county infirmary, ten or fifteen miles off; but if the patient dies on the road, or the day after arrival, you may live fifty years after, but you will never hear the last of it. Again, there are few villages that can boast a reading-room, or a library, or any room where a man can get a cup of tea or coffee and have a chat with his temperate friends. As for such a thing as a simple village museum to store the curiosities actually found in the place, or left there by residents, we never heard of one; though it is hard to say why a village should not have it as well as a town. It might be no better than a small but dry and well-lighted barn. Then for playgrounds; most villages had them in the open common, but enclosure, either by law or by simple usurpation, has robbed the poor rustics of their right. These are some of the actual wants to be found in almost every village.—*The Times*.

**Dean Stanley's MS.**—A correspondent says:—A friend of the late Dean Stanley has just received by post, from New York, a packet of manuscript with a curious request. The manuscript contains an article written by Dean Stanley, shortly before his death, for one of the great American magazines. As soon as the cable conveyed the news of the dean's death the proprietors of the magazine congratulated themselves on their good luck, put the manuscript in the printer's hands, professing to make the article the prominent feature of the forthcoming number. But their purpose was met by an extraordinary difficulty. The printers could not read the dean's handwriting. They struggled at it from noon till even, having the assistance of skilled readers, and of the full intelligence of the editorial department. The combined force wrested the meaning of about ten out of every dozen words; but it was admitted that without the other two the article would be fatally incomplete. The only thing to be done was to forward the MS. to a friend of the late dean. Commenting on this, the "North British Daily Mail" says:—"We have not the slightest doubt as to the truth of that amusing story, at present going the round, with respect to the MS. of the article contributed to an American magazine by the late Dean Stanley, and which had to be returned to one of the dean's friends in England to decipher, as no printer in the United States could make it out. The figure of a fly walking over a sheet of paper after its legs had been dipped in an ink-bottle present but a faint image of the dean's usual caligraphy. On the occasion of the unveiling of the Bunyan Statue at Bedford one of the London reporters

congratulated himself on securing the MS. of the address which the dean delivered on that occasion. With this in his pocket he gave no heed to the subsequent proceedings, beyond partaking with great heartiness of the dinner, and returned to town in a very comfortable frame of mind, only dropping into Fleet Street for a few minutes in order to deposit the dean's precious paper with the printer. Then he hied home to the bosom of his family in Brixton, feeling at peace with all mankind. He had not been in bed, however, above half-an-hour when a messenger arrived in hot haste, summoning him back to the office. The printers were not able to make out one word in twenty, and the editor was imperative that they must have the dean's address. So our awakened reporter had to sit down and extend his notes in hot haste, and with a disgust which may be imagined. We may add, by the way, a fact which we have nowhere seen noted. Of the distinguished literary men in this country of about the same age as Dean Stanley, especially such as had been trained either at Oxford or Cambridge, a majority wrote very bad hands; and we have seen several which, like the dean's, were the despair of every printer who had the misfortune to make a professional acquaintance with them."

**Fuel Waste.**—London, representing, as it does, the greatest centre of human refinement and art, burns of coal eight millions of tons yearly and utilises at the utmost one-tenth of the full calorific effect it contains. Its fires send into the atmosphere not less than 400,000 tons of smoke and soot, 120,000 tons of sulphur, and an incalculable volume of unwholesome gases of the highest thermal value. Its citizens are compelled to handle and re-handle this vast weight of dirty material and its resulting filth and ash, which not only injures and corrodes their homes and properties, but veils the heavens from their sight. And this system of combustion, differing but little in the degree of waste and discomfort, is maintained the world over by our present civilisation. The chief source of this enormous loss lies in the impossibility of economically converting the crude fuel to gas in the ordinary grate or stove, which conversion is a pre-requisite to combustion, and the subsequent burning of the gases evolved, in the proper quantum of air. The most modern blast furnaces are adjudged by the best authorities to show the highest utilisation of crude fuel (excepting some special boilers), and these never pass 36 per cent. of the theoretical heating power of the coal. The house grate in general use reaches only about 3½ per cent.

**Everyday Faith.**—Faith should be an everyday thing with us. In the life of Abraham how few acts are mentioned of outward religion, of long retirements, fasts, public services, sacraments, and so forth, but how clear it is that his daily secular and domestic life was a living unto God as a pilgrim and a sojourner with Him. There is no visible line between secular and sacred in the patriarch's life: it was all sacred. It is an evil distinction which saith so far is spiritual and so far is secular. My brethren, your whole lives must be spiritual lives, there must be faith in God about your home, your families, and your neighbours. Some look upon faith as a kind of Sunday grace to be laid up in the ark of the covenant with Aaron's rod; but, indeed, it is an everyday faculty, a grace for the table, a grace for the cupboard, a grace for the pocket, a grace for the market, a grace for the nursery, and a grace for the sick bed. The life of God's people is not to be lived within the four narrow walls of a meeting-house, it is lived wherever they are, for in every place the just shall live by faith. The religion of a Christian is to be the whole of his life, and faith is to run through it like a thread through a necklace of coral. We are to believe God as much when He saith, "Thy bread shall be given thee and thy water shall be sure," as when He saith, "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved." Oh, for more household faith, more everyday faith!—C. H. Spurgeon.

**Isaac Walton's House.**—The widening of Fleet Street from Chancery Lane to Bell Yard involved the demolition of two houses to which are attached many interesting associations. One of these, says "The Times," is the old Cock Tavern, long associated with the names of Johnson, Boswell, Goldsmith, Steele, and Addison. The other is the house of Isaac Walton, author of "The Compleat Angler; or, the

Contemplative Man's Recreation, being a Discourse on Fish and Fishing not Unworthy the Perusal of most Anglers"—a book which in simplicity of language is equalled only by "The Pilgrim's Progress," its only rival in respect of being read by all classes. The house where Walton lived stands as it stood in 1624, when he entered upon its occupation. Its identity is clearly established by the parish books of St. Dunstan's, as well as by deeds. Walton, previous to occupying this house, lived over the "Bourse" on Cornhill, where the shops were only 7½ ft. by 5 ft. That he did not neglect his business for his favourite recreation on the River Lea is proved by his progress, as the Fleet Street House afforded a larger place of business, even when shared by another, the sharer of the house being a John Mason, a hosier, while Walton carried on the business of a linendraper, and, some allege, the business of a man-milliner as well. Sir John Hawkins, who published an edition of the "Compleat Angler" in 1760, describes the house as "two doors west of the end of Chancery Lane." Walton retired from business at the age of fifty, in 1643, with a moderate fortune, which, he affirmed in his will, "he had neither got by falsehood or flattery, or the extreme cruelty of the law." The "Compleat Angler" was first published in the parish where it was probably written, and where he had lived—St. Dunstan's—the first edition bearing this imprint: "London: Printed by T. Maxes, for Rich. Marriott, in St. Dunstan's Churchyard, Fleet Street, 1653."

**The Trelawny Ballad.**—The controversy about the authorship of the famous Cornish ballad, "The Song of the Western Men," has been again renewed. There is no question as to the Rev. R. S. Hawker, the late rector of Morwenstow, having written the ballad as it now stands. Miss Strickland, in her "Lives of the Seven Bishops," and the Percy Society, in their "Ancient Ballads and Songs of the Peasantry of England," repeated the error of Sir Walter Scott, who, in his essay prefixed to his "Minstrelsy," and of Lord Macaulay, in his brilliant chapter on the Seven Bishops, referred to the ballad as contemporary with Bishop Trelawny, 1688. The truth is that there was an old ballad, but only one stanza of it remains—

"And shall Trelawny die,  
And shall Trelawny die?  
Then thirty thousand Cornish men  
Will know the reason why."

This refrain, as in some ancient Scottish songs, gave the theme of the more modern ballad, and, indeed, is the only part universally remembered. Mr. Hawker acknowledges the antiquity of the chorus in thus writing to a friend, November 4th, 1853. (See "Notes and Queries," June 3rd, 1876). "In reply to your kind note, I beg to say that not a trace of the original Trelawny Ballad besides the two lines of the chorus which are incorporated in my song have ever turned up. There is a variation in the chorus hardly worth noting, but it runs—'There's twice ten thousand under ground,' etc."

**The St. Gothard Pass.**—The St. Gothard Tunnel being now completed, and the line open from Göschenen to Airolo, the Italian mail will pass by this route from the beginning of this year. It has been calculated that, instead of the long and tedious diligence journey from the end of the Lake of the Four Cantons by Altdorf, with its relays of horses in summer and snow-sledges in winter, its halt at Andermatt, and shivering pause at the Hospice, down to the warm Italian side, it will only take eleven hours to get from Basel to Milan, twenty-four hours to Florence, and thirty-three hours to Rome.

**The Uses of Petroleum.**—A writer says:—The mere suggestion of the word petroleum brings to the mind thoughts of the fortunes that have been made and lost by this product. The displacement of whale oil by kerosene as a means of illumination, paraffin candles as a substitute for wax and tallow, the immense quantities of the petroleum lubricating oil used in every factory and machine shop of the land—in short, the immeasurable uses of petroleum and its products—give it the place it almost instantly claimed in the industries of modern civilisation; and the fact that it not only made

good that claim, but that it is steadily advancing and never retreating, makes the discovery of petroleum mark among the greatest in the history of the world. The immense production and cheapness of petroleum has stimulated investigation as to the applicability to many uses in the arts and as a medicine. As an illuminator its use is almost worldwide, also in machinery as a lubricant. As a base for soaps it is being extensively used, both for common and the finest toilet purposes. In pharmacy the residuum of distillation is extensively used as a base for ointments. They are known as cosmoline, vaseline, deodoroline, petroline, fluorine, and saxoline. They have long been adopted and used by pharmacists, being odourless, tasteless, and of a handsome colour, and not liable to become rancid as does lard. As a medicine, during the last few years, it has been extensively used in that incurable malady—consumption. —*Oil and Colourman's Journal.*

**Increased Wages of Factory Operatives.**—I was looking at one of our wages books from 1839 to 1841, and I will tell you what I found in it, and what I find in it now. In 1839 piercers received 8s. a week, and worked twelve hours a day. Now the same class receive 13s. a week, and work ten hours a day, while if they worked twelve, and were paid in the same proportion, they would be paid 16s. a week, or exactly double what they received in 1839, 1840, and 1841. The drawing-frame workers, in 1839, had 7s. 6d., now they have 15s., with two hours a day less. The rovers had 8s., now they have 14s. The doffers, who are considered a class sometimes not very manageable, formerly had 5s. 6d.; now they have 9s. 6d. Warpers were then nearly all women, and earned 17s. 6d. a week; now they are nearly all men, and earn 35s. 6d. a week. (Cheers.) At that time our blacksmith had 22s. a week; now he has 34s., and in both cases for factory time. You see the enormous benefit that the people in these factories have got. They have two hours a day more leisure, and their wages are nearly doubled. —*Mr. Bright at Rochdale.*

**Post Office Savings Banks.**—The total number of accounts open at the Post Office savings banks in the United Kingdom on the 31st December, 1880, was 2,184,972, and the total amount deposited £33,744,637 os. 5d. In England there were 1,963,604 accounts, with a total deposit of £30,546,306 18s. 7d.; in Wales, 65,833 accounts, with £941,523 3s. 8d. total deposit. In Scotland the accounts numbered 68,400, with a total amount deposited of £619,973 2s. 3d.; while in Ireland there were 82,121 accounts, and the sum of £1,555,894 4s. 6d. deposited.

**Unsinkable Ships.**—Every year produces numerous schemes by sanguine inventors, who have at least faith in their inventions so far as to incur the cost of patenting them. Among the specifications registered last year is "an apparatus to prevent ships from sinking." The principle is to have flexible waterproof pontoons or bags attached to the sides of the ship, and these are to be inflated when there is danger of sinking from a leak or other disaster. It is easy to estimate the buoyancy given by so many cubic feet of air to any weight of water plus wood or iron; and the efficiency of buoyant appendages can be imagined with large vessels, as they are familiar in some sorts of lifeboat patents. But whether the big bags necessary for floating an iron ship can be filled by bellows, or other contrivance, in a storm or other emergency, seems doubtful. Mr. Richard Golston Sayers, a Choctaw Indian, now studying in London for the Christian ministry, is the inventor and patentee. Some owners of trading vessels, who care little for loss either of ships or men, under the usages of marine insurance, are not likely to adopt the patent, but Mr. Sayers may perhaps find some steam yachtsmen to test his invention.

**Jason and Medea's Country.**—Poti lies at the end of a vast swamp at the mouth of the river, and may, as it is supposed, have been the spot where Jason landed when he came here in quest of the Golden Fleece, and made that acquaintance with Medea which ended in the well-known tragic catastrophe. The region is the ancient Colchis, the Rion is the old River Phasis, Kutais was the residence of King Æetes, and Medea's maiden home. To what extent the country may have been altered by the lapse of so many ages it is difficult

to say; but Poti at the present time has become almost uninhabitable from the prevalence of malaria fevers, and its river is so choked up by sands that even Jason's primitive barge Argos might find it difficult to sail over the bar. It was the unfitness of the harbour of Poti for modern trade that made the Russians so eager to seize Batoum, a port about thirty miles south of Poti, in their late wars with the Turks. Batoum is now in their hands, but it is questionable whether even the two ports put together and joined by the railway which is now being constructed will answer the purpose of the immense trade which must find there an outlet if the railway all across the isthmus from Baku to Tiflis to the two harbours is soon completed, and if the export of this most fertile region, answers all reasonable expectations. For Batoum, though a sufficiently deep and well-sheltered haven, seemed to me to have barely room for nine or ten steamers at a time; and although at Poti a new port has been laid out and the moles are being built outside the harbour, and away from the river, the dredging of the ever-silting sands must needs be a heavy and ever-recurring expense, tasking the perseverance and exhausting the resources both of public and private enterprise. The best of such circumstances must, however, be made, for the Caucasian region has no other available outlet anywhere on the coast from Kertch to Trebizond. As they appeared to me now, both Poti and Batoum are mean and wretched towns, the first with 4,000, the second with 3,000 inhabitants; both are unhealthy, and so unsafe in their neighbourhood that no one ventures beyond their suburbs without an escort, as the mountains are infested by marauding bands from the neighbouring region of Lazistan, a district which seems to breed nothing but a race of land and sea robbers. —*Times Correspondent.*

**Sussex Proverbs.**—Proverbs are naturally the form which much of our native wisdom takes, and occasionally I meet with one which is new to me. A cottager was quite lately telling me that her husband and herself had lived for twenty-three years in their present cottage, and that her husband had worked on the same farm longer still; and, she added, "and I don't know but what we've been foolish for stoppin' in one place as long as we have done; people say we have, anyhow." I quoted the very obvious proverb, "A rolling stone gathers no moss," to which she replied at once, "Yes, sir, and a sitting hen gets no feathers." I felt that I had taken little by my suggestion. When I was a growing lad I used to deprecate the astonishment of a kindly old farmer's wife, who saw me at intervals of about six months, by saying in all humility, "Ill weeds grow apace." "Yes," she would answer, "and good rye thrives high." Proverbs somehow seem nearly to balance each other, and a good memory would generally be able, I imagine, to furnish one exactly opposite to any one that might be quoted. The following quaint saying I have heard employed to express the not uncommon occurrence of the head of a family being able to introduce various members of the family into the same company: "Yes, sir, the fingers have got pretty close to the thumb." —*J. C. E.*

**The Elms at Eton.**—During the gale of October 14th two of the old elms in the Playing Fields at Eton were blown down. It is said that these trees were planted by Provost Rouse, some time Speaker of the House of Commons, and the man by whose influence, as it is said, Cromwell was induced to spare Eton from spoliation. It is not generally known that Provost Rouse was the author of the metrical translation of the Psalter, which is still used in Presbyterian churches, in the New World and the Old, under the name of the Scotch Version.

**Social Progress.**—The more carefully we examine the past the more reason we shall find to dissent from those who imagine that our age has been fruitful of new social evils. The truth is that the evils are, with scarcely an exception, old. That which is new is the intelligence which discerns and the humanity which remedies them. —*Lord Macaulay.*

**Daniel Webster's First Case.**—An anecdote is related of the celebrated American lawyer and statesman, Daniel Webster, which illustrates the advantage of honest industry in small matters, and shows how a conscientious discharge of duty is often unexpectedly rewarded. Some petty insurance



case was brought to him when a young lawyer in Portsmouth. Only a small amount was involved, and a twenty-dollar fee was all that was promised. He saw that to do his client full justice a journey to Boston, to consult the law library, would be desirable. He would be out of pocket by such an expedition, and for the time he would receive no adequate compensation. After a little hesitation he determined to do his very best, cost what it might. He accordingly went to Boston and looked up the authorities, and gained the case. Years after this, Webster, then famous, was passing through New York. An important insurance case was to be tried the day after his arrival, and one of the counsel had suddenly been taken ill. Money was no object, and Webster was begged to name his terms and conduct the case. "I told them," said Mr. Webster, "that it was preposterous to expect me to prepare a legal argument at a few hours' notice. They insisted, however, that I should look at the papers; and this, after some demur, I consented to do. Well, it was my old twenty-dollar case over again; and, as I never forget anything, I had all the authorities at my fingers' ends. The Court knew that I had no time to prepare, and were astonished at the range of my acquisitions. So you see, I was handsomely paid both in fame and money for that journey to Boston; and the moral is, that good work is rewarded in the end, though, to be sure, one's own self-approval should be enough."

**Mr. Cobden on Lord John Russell and Sir Robert Peel.**—Among all the converts and conformers, I class Sir Robert Peel as one of the most sincere and earnest. I have no doubt that he is acting from strong convictions. His mind has a natural leaning towards politico-economical truths. The man who could make it his hobby so early to work out the dry problem of the currency question and arrive at such sound conclusions could not fail to be equally able and willing to put in practice the other theories of Adam Smith. It is from this that I rely upon his not compromising one principle beyond the three years. But I must confess I have not the same confidence in Lord John and the Whigs. Not that I think the latter inferior in moral sentiment, but the reverse. But Lord John and his party do not understand the subject so well as Peel. The Whig leader is great upon questions of a constitutional character, and has a hereditary leaning towards a popular and liberal interpretation of the Constitution. But his mind is less adapted for the mastery of economical questions, and he attaches an inferior importance to them. Nor does he weigh the forces of public opinion so accurately as Peel. He breathes the atmosphere of a privileged clique. His sympathies are aristocratic. He is sometimes thinking of the House of Russell, while Peel is occupied upon Manchester. They are in a false position; Peel ought to be the leader of the middle class, and I am not sure that he is not destined to be so before the end of his career. —*Morley's Life of Cobden.*

**The First Graduate of Harvard College.**—The Rev. Benjamin Woodbridge, M.A., rector of Newbury from 1649 to 1662, was the graduate whose name appears first in the list of *Harvard Alumni*. Mr. Woodbridge, who was a member of the Savoy Conference, and chaplain to Charles II., was ejected by the Act of Uniformity, but received episcopal ordination a few years after the Restoration. He, however, subsequently returned to the same principles he had formerly professed; and, retiring to Englefield, near Reading, died there in November, 1684. His body was escorted from Englefield to the parish church of St. Nicholas, Newbury, where he was buried, by a vast concourse of Nonconformists, but there is no record to mark the spot where this noteworthy Puritan divine, the first graduate of the oldest American University, is interred.

**Antidote to Snake-Poison.**—A Brazilian has recorded in the "Times" three cases of the successful use of permanganate of potash in neutralising snake-poison. In the Pirahy district, at Captain Rezende's coffee-estate, a labourer while in the field was bitten by a snake just above the ankle. He was taken home, and Captain Rezende injected with a small syringe a little solution of permanganate of potassium. All the characteristic symptoms of snake-poisoning disappeared, and the man returned to work next day. On the sugar-

estate of the Baron de Copanema, at Barra de S. Joao, a negro being bitten by a jararaca, a most venomous snake, showed shortly after all the symptoms of poisoning. His limbs swelled and he began to bleed through the nostrils and mouth. On being taken to the engine-house, where he arrived insensible, Mr. Lehremer, the manager of the estate, injected a small quantity of solution of permanganate, and four hours after the negro had so far recovered that he went back to work. On the 22nd of August in Santos, Mr. William Broadbent, of the Santos and Jundiahy Railway Company, having caught a jararacussu, also a very poisonous snake, was passing it from one flask to another when the snake, which was yet alive, bit his left hand. A Brazilian gentleman who was standing near immediately went to a chemist's, where he procured some solution of permanganate of potassium, which he injected twice into Mr. Broadbent's hand. Inflammation, which had already set in, now disappeared, and no more pain was felt.

**Bakers and Publicans.**—A correspondent of the "Times" encloses an advertisement running as follows: "By this post we hand you sample of our extra fine double-dressed rice-flour. It is specially dressed to mix along with fine bread flours. It will be found to use the best along with the best qualities of flours besides allowing a larger margin in price. Soliciting your orders," etc., etc. Bread made of this adulterated flour is sold as the best wheaten bread. A worse adulteration is the admixture of old or damaged flour with what is new and good. There are honest bakers and honest millers, especially in the country, but in London and other large cities most of the bakers are wholly at the mercy of the great millers, who are usually the owners or rent-payers of the shops supplied with their flour; just as publicans are in the hands of the brewers, who own or rent the public-houses for the sale of their beer. The retailers are less the rogues in such matters than the capitalists for whom they are agents.

**Small Country Towns.**—The curse of such is the partial or entire idleness of large classes of the inhabitants. There is always a cluster of men living on competencies, and a greater number of tradesmen whose shop duties do not occupy half their time. In those days tavern enjoyments were in vogue among men who do not now enter a public place of entertainment once in a twelvemonth. The weary waste of spirits and energy at these soaking evening meetings was deplorable. Insipid toasts, petty raillery, empty gabble about trivial occurrences, endless disputes on small questions of fact where an almanack or a dictionary would have settled all—these, relieved by a song when it was to be had, formed the staple of convivial life as I remember it in such places in my own younger days. It was a life without progress or profit, or any gleam of a tendency to moral elevation. (Dumfries, 1791.)—*Chambers's "Life of Burns."*

**Petroleum Wells.**—There are nearly 12,000 wells in operation in Pennsylvania, the produce of which is conveyed to the iron tanks and refineries by means of 3,000 miles of pipe. The bore-holes by means of which the petroleum is worked are usually from three to four inches in diameter, and from 500 to 800 feet deep, although oil is often found much nearer the surface. When first "struck," the oil generally rises to the surface and overflows; while occasionally it issues with such force as to reach a height of forty to fifty feet above the ground. The discharge in the latter case is often very great, a single well of this kind having been known to yield 25,000 barrels of oil in the course of a single day. This outburst, however, soon ceases, and the oil can then only be got by pumping, by means of which a tolerably regular supply may be obtained for several years. One of the earliest borings at Oil Creek, and that which led to the rush of oil-seekers, tapped a reservoir which yielded twenty-five barrels daily; but this was altogether distanced by subsequent borings, many of which have yielded from 300 to 500 barrels a day for long periods. A comparatively small quantity of the oil is exported in the crude state, the great bulk of it being refined in the neighbourhood of the wells. For this purpose it is placed in iron retorts and heated, when the naphtha is distilled over first, then the illuminating oil, and finally the heavy lubricating material.

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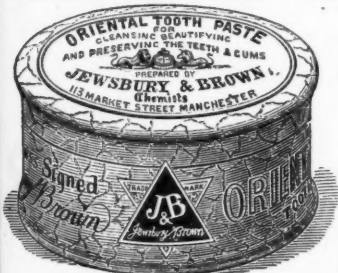
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